ZULULAND

ITS TRADITIONS, LEGENDS, CUSTOMS AND FOLK-LORE

BY

M. L. SAMUELSON

(NOMLETI)

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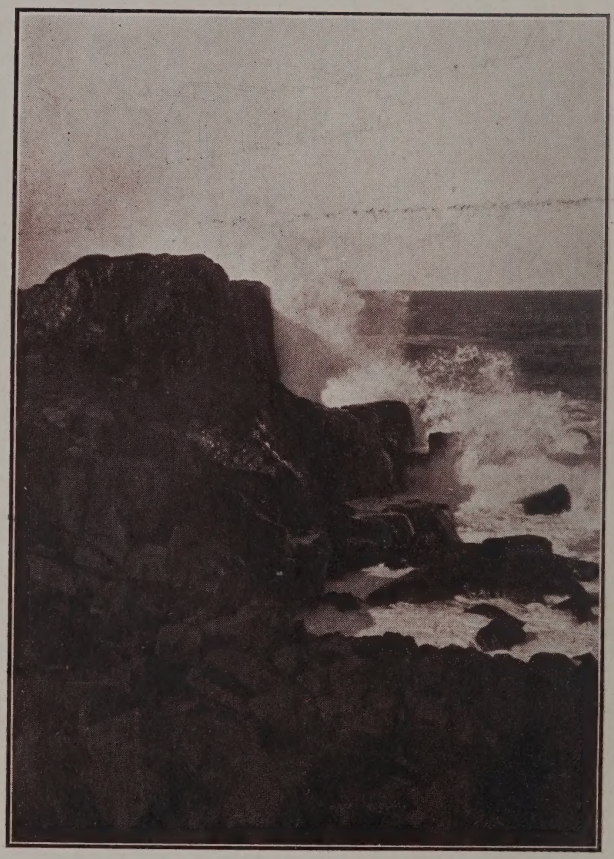

Tshaka's Rocks in Port Shepstone

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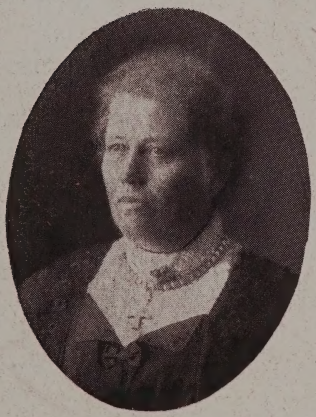

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FIRST PART

ZULULAND, ITS TRADITIONS, LEGENDS and CUSTOMS

BY
L. H. SAMUELSON
(NOMLETI)

Preface

The Author is grateful to all who interested themselves in her first attempt to bring some account of the Folk-lore of Zululand to the knowledge of English readers, and hopes that this sequel to her little book will find favour in their eyes and be as well received. She has taken great pains in making a collection of the best of the stories which she has repeatedly heard related in the country. The Zulus are great talkers, and will continue to discuss a subject at such length that one wonders they do not get thoroughly tired of it themselves. The chief items on their programmes generally are their traditions, legends and bits of folk-lore, which are thus passed on orally, from one generation to

another. Having no books of their own, it may be said that their memory is the only library they possess, and certainly some have very good ones. If a stranger were to pay a surprise visit to a Zulu kraal about dusk, he might very probably find Granny in her hut, with all the children of the place round her, listening intently to her tales and fables, occasionally interspersed with riddles, of which, however, there are but few.

It is a pity that all these things have not been collected and printed in their own language, for use as reading lessons in the native schools. This would be far better than the present system of giving such a poor translation as we have of the Bible as an "Advanced Zulu Reader."

In Natal most of the old stories are now forgotten. Zulus are mixed with other races, and are, sad to

say, daily deteriorating in consequence.

While Granny is busy entertaining her circle of hearers in her hut, the men are quite as busy at it in theirs, telling jokes, anecdotes and tales of their forefathers, cannibal yarns and accounts of warlike games.

Any who intend to take up Mission work amongst the natives, should endeavour to make themselves familiar with their old stories, which would give them great influence over their scholars.

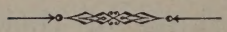
To know the ideas and thoughts of the Zulu, as of any other people, requires an amount of sympathetic interest in them, such as probably but few Europeans are capable of taking, but by such sympathy alone can the working of their minds be followed and understood. One of their own proverbs opportunely quoted often has a great effect, turning the

tide of thought in the right direction.

The Zulus put their own interpretation on the songs of birds, visits of birds or quadrupeds, and conversations between birds and insects, all of which creatures are supposed to talk also with human beings, whose imagination is vivid.

Among the natives there are some good ventriloquists, and possibly they may play a part in these remarkable conversations.

The Author knows many stories not inserted in this volume, but hopes to be able to collect them if encouraged by the reception it meets with.



The Water-Bogey

Intokolotshe

This creature seems to me to take its name from its haunts. It is said to live in a cave under the water in a pond, and in the Zulu language "into" means "thing", and "lotshe" of "stones". The words "Intokolotshe" and "Inunu" are used to terrify children into obedience, thus if a child disobey a call to come in at dusk, and heard either of these words, it would very soon come flying into the house, as it understands the threat, "Here comes the bogey."

Inunu may be any kind of bogey, while the other word is only applied to this special one which lives under water. It is a most mysterious being; no one has ever seen it; but very friendly with the servants of the evildoers (abatakati) namely baboons, owls, wild cats, jackals and evil spirits (imkovu). All these things serve the *abatakati* on land, whilst the "Intokolotshe" serves them under water. It is distinguished from other bogies by its invisibility, but the Zulus actually believed in its existence, and herd-boys lived in continual fear of its sucking the milk cows, as it was supposed to be very fond of milk. If when the cows had been taken to the kraal they were found to be dry, the boys laid

the blame on the water-bogey, but they were punished all the same for not taking better care of them.

Another name for this spirit is "Intoyetshe" (thing of stone).

The Mantis and the Chameleon

Isitwalambiza Nonwabu

The Mantis, or Hottentot-god, has in the Zulu tongue the very long name which is given above, and which signifies the potcarrier, because of its funny flat head.

One might wonder why the little native children are so frightened when they see it flying past them. They always make a rush, and scream out "Here comes the Mantis!" and do their best to avoid it. It is really quite harmless, but the children have been told the legend, so are in terror of it. This is how the story is told.

Once upon a time some children were playing outside their Mother's hut when they espied a Mantis and a Chameleon on the fence surrounding the cattle-kraal. They were both busy catching and eating flies which were plentiful that day. They laughed to see how smart the Mantis was in comparison with the Chameleon, which is a very slow creature, and laughed at the Chameleon for its long tongue and its leisurely movements.

When they got tired of standing still and watching, they thought they would have a little fun, so they went to pick some tambootie grass-flowers which they dipped in their sour milk (amasi), and held up to attract the flies.

These were then offered to the creatures who were still hunting for them, and when they came close and tried to get the flies off the grass, the children drew their hands back just to tantalize them. This game went on for a while, until the Mantis and the Chameleon showed that their tempers were roused. The Chameleon turned black with rage, rolled its sleepy eyes, and stuck out its tongue, making it look larger than ever, then hissed furiously, but being so slow could do nothing more; while the Mantis turned greener and greener, and being quick in movements flew and made a dash at the children, taking each one by the head with its thorny hind legs and throwing it into the sea.

To the present day Zulu children dread the Mantis and despise the Chameleon, the latter more especially for its delay in bringing the message of life.

For the account of the Chameleon's delay in bringing the message of life, see "Some Zulu Customs and Folk-lore".

The Coney

Dassie or Rock-Rabbit

A favourite fable for Zulu mothers to tell their children, especially such children as are fond of sending others to do things for them which they could easily do for themselves, is the following one of the coney.

Once upon a time, on a very rainy day, when all the animals had been invited to go and receive their tails if they wished to have any, they went in great numbers to the place appointed to try them on. The lazy coney, however, thought it was too wet for him to venture out of his cosy warm hole, so he sat there looking at the others as they passed by, and called out to each one, "Here, friend, do bring my tail for me as you come back."

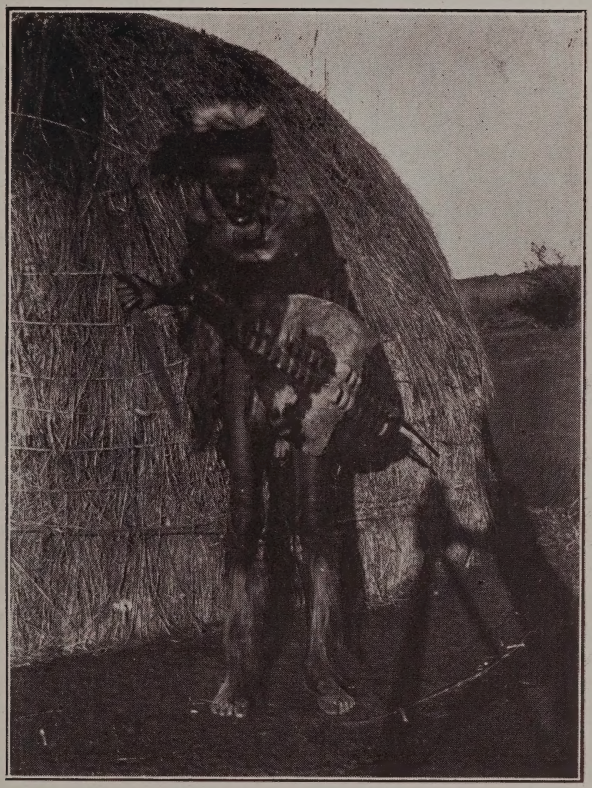
When they returned, all adorned with their beautiful tails, some long, some short, some bushy, some smooth, no tail was brought to the lazy coney and he was left without one for ever.

On this fable is founded the proverb "The coney wants a tail because he sent for it"—and it is in allusion to it that natives often say "You follow the coney's example" in reply to the request "Do bring it back for me, friend."

Mabhelemana Mountain

A Legend for the Aged

Many years ago there was a famous mill on the top of Mabhelemana Mountain in the far north of Zululand, which all aged persons were recommended to visit. There was also a lake near the top of the mountain with beautifully clear water, and at the foot stood a well built kraal, a great number of huts being round the circular cattle-kraal. There was yet another fence beyond the huts, to protect the inhabitants and their cattle from enemies and wild beasts, and at one end was a wide gate. A dear old couple lived in one of these huts; the old man could no longer go to the king's kraal, so "his days were numbered," for it was the custom that when a man was no longer able to make the required annual visit to the king's garden and work for him, he was sent home, or, in plain English, was killed; and his wife could not now cook their food properly. Both were nearly a hundred years old, and helpless and childish. The old man sat daily outside the wide gate entertaining the young men with tales of past victories in battle, while granny knelt over her stone with a large pebble in her hands, trying to grind boiled mealies (Indian corn or maize) to mix with sour milk



This old man was advised to go to the Magic Mill, but as he became a Christian he would not believe this and died peacefully in his old worn out hut at Hilton.

L. H. Samuelson

for their meal, sometimes putting in a clod of earth, laughing and singing like a child the whole time. Everything she attempted to cook was a failure, but her grandchildren came to her every day for nursery tales, and to help her with her cooking. This old couple was greatly beloved, and no one wished them to be put away, so a friend suggested to them that they should walk to the top of the mountain and see what the wonderful mill could do for them. They were also told of the lake where they could quench their thirst and have a good wash for luck, as well. The old pair accordingly determined to ascend the hill. A goat was slaughtered for them, to give them strength for the journey, their snuff-boxes were filled up, and they had a good send-off. Then early in the morning the old man and his wife took their walking-sticks, said good-bye to their people and started on their travels; all the inhabitants of the kraal watched them with keen interest, for they were bent with age, and the sight was most pathetic. On reaching the foot of the hill they turned and gave a long last look at their home, then sat down to take a pinch of snuff and to rest. Then sufficiently rested they rose and once more made a start as if quite determined not to be beaten; they went on slowly, patiently, never stopping to look round, until they disappeared from view on the top. Those who had been watching them, went nearer and nearer to the mountain, looking up and wondering what would happen next. They began to

think that it was only another way of "sending home" and that it might end in the poor old couple being starved to death; but a few days afterwards, great was their joy and surprise when a handsome young couple came singing and dancing to the kraal, looking the picture of happiness and contentment, and praising the magic mill, which had drawn them in and ground them, turning them out quite young again. Crowds of people came to see them, cattle were slaughtered in honour of the great event, and a big feast was made at the kraal. The man related how they had drunk of the sweet water from the lucky lake, had a wash, and then looked at the mill, which suddenly sucked them in. They knew no more till they came out again quite young and healthy, not needing walking-sticks to help them along. News of this spread over the country, and to this day aged persons are recommended to "go and do likewise." The uninitiated wonder at this advice being given, but the natives know the meaning, and take it in good part, no doubt heartily wishing that the fable were fact; but in former times, though no one had seen the mill or the miller, all believed in their existence, the mill being famous throughout the country of magical wonders, but none ever dared to go up the mountain to see the working of the mill. It was the only place for old people in which to take refuge, when in danger of being "sent home".

The Zulus are an imaginative people, and superstition still holds great sway over their minds.

The word mill used here is in Zulu the term used for grindstone.

The Burial of Zulu Kings

King Mpande's Obsequies in 1872

When endeavouring to give a description of the various rites practised by the natives, two especially call for particular attention, — viz. — ceremonies connected with marriage and burial. It is with the latter that we now propose to deal as far as Zulus are concerned, and we will confine ourselves to an account of the obsequies of the late King Mpande, because of all the Zulu kings of whom we have any reliable information, he is the only one who attained to a ripe old age and died "unassisted."

When a Zulu King dies there is no flourish of trumpets, there are no heralds to proclaim "The King is dead, Long live the King", but on the contrary, the utmost secrecy is observed. A report is allowed to leak out that the great one slumbers (dunguzela). This word is used in this connection only. The period of what we may call "suspended animation" may be of longer or shorter duration — according to the general state of affairs in the country.

First of all, as soon as life is extinct servants adjust the limbs of the late King's body in such a manner as will admit of the corpse being deposited in a recumbent posture in its final resting place; this done, it is tightly

bound with cords, a large white ox is killed and rapidly skinned, and the still warm hide wrapped round the body with the greatest possible care — and that such care is necessary will be self-evident when we mention that it will remain undisturbed for three weeks or more. During this time private information is sent to the heads of various tribes throughout the Zulu country, but no official announcement is made to the neighbouring tribes, and in no case is it given out that the king is dead, — merely that he is in the intermediate state above mentioned.

The reins of government in the meantime devolve upon the Chief Councillor, or as we should say Prime Minister. In the case of Mpande, Masipula filled this position, with the late Chief Seketwayo as second in authority. These two worthy personages had in hand the arrangements for the funeral. The selection of the spot where the grave was to be dug presented no difficulty, as it was always at the top of the kraal, in the immediate vicinity of the vacated quarters "Mapotwe", hence "ngingene emapotweni". This is a favourite oath with the natives, which I shall explain later on. In this spot, then, a space of liberal dimensions would be excavated, somewhat resembling a saw-pit, or modern dipping tank, with one end sloping to admit of the body being carried in. At the farther end a sort of dais was raised, and all the sides were lined with smooth slabs of stone, with a roof of one large slab immediately over the dais

to prevent sand and water trickling in. Great pains were taken to procure slabs of uniform size and smoothness. On either side a niche or recess was scooped out large enough to hold a human body in a sitting position, and the grave most carefully levelled and swept, but not smeared (sinda) even at the entrance, as the floors of huts. When the day of the funeral arrived silence was still observed, the body conveyed to the grave and deposited in a slightly recumbent position, with a stone on the knees and another under each foot, the head practically touching the roof.

The King's body being now properly placed, it remained for the Master of the Ceremonies to fill in the two niches. There are several conflicting accounts of this funeral, and it has frequently been asserted that men of note and a number of young maidens were buried alive on this occasion. No credence however can be given to this story in Mpande's case, as the two principal persons, Masipula and Seketwayo most certainly were not buried then, the former died suddenly shortly after Mpande, and was buried in his own home, and the latter was killed by the Chief Zibebu's forces many years afterwards. On the other hand, all accounts agree that those who "accompanied the king" were his two personal attendants, one of whom was his snuff-bearer. The two youngest of his wives are said to have also been buried with him, one to prepare his food and the other to grind his snuff. These four are termed the "insila ye-

nkosi", and could not therefore have been persons of note. Their very names are mostly forgotten, although of course the post of snuff-bearer could only be filled by one in whom the king reposed absolute confidence, snuff being considered the easiest vehicle in which to administer poison.

Before being interred the four victims were strangled. It was important to guard against their crying out, as this would disturb the king, but the vague reports of girls being buried alive with Mpande may be dismissed as incorrect.

Cetshwayo, the heir to the throne was not present. Uhamu was the only one of the king's sons who was there.

The grave being now filled in, and the ground properly levelled, a strong impenetrable fence of spiky thornwood was erected round it and the whole made secure. Cattle were sacrificed for the cleansing of all who had assisted at the burial, and a guard told off to watch the grave. In a few days' time the watchers were able to report that a messenger in the shape of a tiny snake had appeared. This was considered a good omen — one which gave promise ofb etter things—and sure enough the little snake was eventually replaced by a large serpent.

There could be no mistaking the sign. The news spread like wild-fire and in an incredibly short space of time a vast multitude assembled and gave the Royal Salute "Bayede".

The King's hymn "Ohaye" was then intoned and large numbers of oxen being killed, great feasting ensued. From time to time it was asserted the king appeared, and then sacrifices of cattle would invariably be offered.

This grave is always looked upon as a most sacred place by his people, and it was a fearful blow to them that when Cetshwayo died he was not allowed to be buried by the side of his father, so that their spirits (Amadhlozi) might be together, although it is supposed that by means of sacrifices of cattle and prayers for help the spirit of Cetshwayo was eventually charmed from the Inkandhla forest to join that of his father.

During the time that I was at Entumeni, which is not far from Nkandhla, I one day met a native who told me that the spirit of their king had at last left the forest, and now was on its way to join Mpande.

These burial places will ever be looked upon as sacred, and this was one of the principal reasons why the natives took refuge in the Nkandhla forest at the time of the 1906 disturbances.

"Ngilal' emapotweni" is a common oath with the Zulus. It means "May I be found guilty of sleeping on Mpande's annexe, if what I say is not true." Sometimes they merely use the one word "Mapotiwe" the meaning being understood.

The Closing Mourning for a King

When the appointed time of mourning is nearly over, the Master of Ceremonies sends out a great hunting party. This is an official kind of hunt which is called "Inqina yehlambo" (the cleansing hunt) and considered absolutely necessary after the death and burial of a king. It is really a hunt for human beings, for the king's subjects are expected to wash their assegais in the blood of their enemies, and also to do away with some of the leading men so as to make room for the new king and his new ministers or advisers.

"Hlamba" means to "cleanse", and "ihlambo" "cleanser". This then was a Mourning winding-up hunt to purify the mourners from defilement of any kind, as well as to clear the way for the new king that he may be able to rule without any stumbling blocks in his path.

When Masipula sent out the "Ihlambo" to close the mourning for Mpande, everyone who knew the custom was in fear of his life until the hunt was over. Had this been in earlier days (for Tshaka or his brother Dingane) the massacre would have been very great indeed, but at this time a remarkable

change had taken place and Masipula's death was the only one heard of soon after that of the King and it was whispered abroad that this was "the result of the hunt", but we cannot vouch for the truth of the statement.

At the time, we ourselves were only relieved and most thankful to know that the hunt was over without much bloodshed, and that there was some improvement amongst the fine Zulu people, by which many were saved from a cruel death.

The Frog, the Lizard, and the Bull-Frog

A Nursery Tale

Once upon a time, a certain frog called Nanana had three little baby froggies, and always felt anxious for their safety when she had to leave them alone and go out on her daily hunt for something to feed them with. A lizard came to see her, and offered to take care of them during her absence, and Mrs. Nanana was pleased, and gladly accepted the kind offer. Then she went off for a good long day's hunt, first putting her young family carefully into a big basket, isilulu, such as is used for mealie-cobs, and leaving them, as she thought quite safe, in the charge of nurse lizard. But after Nanana had gone, unfortunately the nurse fell fast asleep, and slept so heavily that she did not wake up when a big creature called Ingutshe (the bull-frog) who had been hidden under a rock close by, and watching with keen interest, having made sure that nurse lizard was really sound asleep, came quietly up, jumped into the basket, and ate up all three of the poor little froggies. When he had finished his meal, which he thought was a decidedly good one, he went away as quietly as he had come, leaving the nurse still sleeping.

After a while she awoke, and went to look at her little charges expecting to find them cuddled together, but to her surprise and horror, the basket was empty. Poor nurse was terribly distressed, and set up a sad wailing kind of dirge, of which the words were:-

"Nanana, O! Nanana!
Your young ones are eaten, O Nanana!
"Eaten by Ingutshe, O Nanana!
Indeed it did grieve me, O Nanana!"

Nurse Lizard made this explanation only, for she did not wish Nanana to think she had been asleep or careless. Nanana did not catch the words at first, but understood that the lizard was in trouble about something, so she called out "What are you saying, O lizard?" Then the lizard sang the same words over again in a louder and more pitiful tone. On hearing this, poor Nanana wept bitterly, took the empty basket and carried it off on her back, to search for her children, hoping that they might perhaps after all be alive, and would hop into it. She sang very sorrowfully as she went along:--

"I sleep on the way,
I sleep on the way,
O Ngutshe, show me my young ones dear."

But in her heart, she still suspected him of having eaten them, knowing that it was

what he liked to do. The cruel Ngutshe was still lying under the rock, watching and listening. At last he made reply in a deep croaking voice, singing thus:—

"Your youngsters are far, far away,
In Ingutshe pond far away.
Where it thunders, never rains, far, far away.
The rain there is only dew,
Ever so far away.

Poor Nanana could not understand the meaning of all this, so she sang her own sad song again, begging Ingutshe to show her her young ones. The cruel fellow replied by croaking his song over again, finishing by saying "Don't you hear me, Nanana?" He then jumped out of his hiding-place, pounced upon her, and swallowed her up, basket and all.

Unanana or isinana is a very strange creature, being almost globular in form, with short legs; when touched it exudes a curious sort of milky fluid. Its favourite haunt is under stones. The "nurse" in the story is an ordinary lizard (Isibankwa).

Ingutshe is the name of a very large frog, perhaps a bull-frog, which is generally found lying under the rocks, where it appears to be half-asleep.

The person who repeats this story should sing the three songs to three different tunes, since this makes it very interesting to the

children, who come crowding round to listen, and getting quite excited when the songs come in.

This was the favourite nursery-tale of Mehlomahle (Pretty-eyes) one of our earliest converts at St. Paul's Mission station in Zululand. She was a good girl, much beloved, and she died young. When she was dying she thought she saw ropes let down from Heaven to draw her up, and lifted up her hands, imagining she was holding tightly on to them.

Cannibals

It is said that in Zululand the cannibals in bygone days boasted of having been very decent people, i.e. not cannibals, until a severe famine devastated the country so that they were forced to eat human flesh, and from that time got to like it. Those who died of starvation were not buried, but eaten by their hungry neighbours, who would themselves have died if they had not done so, for it was the worst famine ever known in the land. All this probably happened long before Senzangakona's reign, but the exact time is quite unknown. This then was the usual excuse given for cannibalism having existed in Zululand in the early days; but a few tribes on the coast certainly continued the practice for very many years after when such a reason could no longer be given for it. These men left their homes and went to live in caves, whence they went out in gangs to hunt for human prey, giving up their former occupation of planting mealies (Maize) and instead plundering other people's mealie-fields when out hunting. This sort of thing got to such a pitch during Tshaka's reign that even he thought it was high time to put a stop to it, although he himself killed more people than any Zulu king before or after him, but of

course he considered that to be his right, as everybody and everything belonged to him. He simply killed his *own* people, which his subjects had no right to do.

Accordingly he sent messengers to all the districts where this was going on, to tell the inhabitants that they must desist from killing one another, as he wanted his people to increase that they might fight for him and conquer other countries. If they did this he would give them plenty of beef to live upon, but if they disobeyed him and went on as they had been doing, they would themselves be killed by his order. From that time cannibalism began to die out till it disappeared from the country altogether.

It is a positive fact that the arrival of the first white men in Zululand caused a great scare among the natives, for they fully believed the newcomers to be cannibals of the worst description, they having "come out of the sea." They called them "Sea animals," and were in terror of them. "Here comes the white animal to eat you," was a threat which frightened the most unruly child into instant obedience. These "white animals" when they came, were at once reported to Tshaka, and he gave orders to have them strictly watched, though they were never found killing and eating people. On the contrary they tried to make friends with them, giving them presents of "sweet sand and salt," as the natives called the sugar and salt which they were glad to accept, and which

they supposed to be brought from the bottom of the sea. Not only did the Europeans give them some new thing or other every day, but also showed them how to use these things.

All these doings were reported to the king, and everything shown him, until he began to think that these white creatures were worth keeping, and allowed them to live where Durban now is. "Do not call them sea-animals any longer," said Tshaka, "but call them "Abalumbi" (inventors), for they have invented many wonderful things of which we had never seen or heard."

The Abalumbi treated the natives well, but still it was years before the Whitepeople were trusted by them, and in the early part of the reign of Mpande, who succeeded Dingane, disobedient children were told that they would be taken to the sea-animals to be eaten, and the threat had a great effect.

The name Abalumbi is now usually superseded by abelungu, white men.

Wayside Murderers

Inswelaboya

In some lonely parts of Zululand by roadsides and rivers, and in the forests, cruel murders have been committed, and these crimes have always been attributed to "Inswelaboya," white people being puzzled about the meaning of this. Solitary travellers are generally warned to keep a sharp look-out at certain spots where the inswelaboya are supposed to have their haunts. In these places dead bodies have been found mutilated, and little children have sometimes disappeared, being found after many days of searching, either in an antbear hole or in a pond.

"Inswelaboya," literally "without hair"; the word indicates that hair or fur is the only thing lacking to make these beings perfect wolves.

They are the very worst kind of evildoers (abatakati), and use human flesh to concoct medicines for the purpose of bewitching or killing persons against whom they have a grudge or spite.

Europeans often ask the question "What are swallow boys," their pronunciation of inswelaboya, the fame of the evildoers having spread even amongst them.

Inswelaboya are believed by the natives to be in league with various kinds of birds and quadrupeds, which they send as messengers to other evildoers in distant parts of the country, with the object of bringing about death and various troubles. The owl for instance settling and hooting on the roof of a hut, or even near it, is considered to have been sent there by an *umtakati*, and to be the means of causing a death, and the same meaning is given to the howling of a dog. The wolf is called the evildoers' horse, and when it passes a kraal laughing in the night-time, the natives think it is carrying a witch or wizard on its back, and laughing at their expense.

The wolf, the owl, and a kind of evil being called "umkovu" are the evildoers chief attendants.

Magistrates have often had hard work hearing and giving judgment in these cases where the evildoers have been caught.

On one occasion a well-known witch doctor was found guilty of this kind of murder, the head-ring (isicoco) and limbs of a man he had killed being found in his possession. These were shown in court as evidence against him, and he was very rightly hanged.

Murderers of this kind are not so common at the present day as they were formerly, but "Inswelaboya" are still dreaded.

The Land for Abatakati

When King Mpande was reigning in Zululand he found that it was not an uncommon thing for people to be accused by their neighbours or enemies of practising witchcraft, even when such was not the case, and to get them killed. He therefore set apart a district in the North, between Usutu kraal and Swaziland, which he called "the land for evildoers" (Izwe labatakati), appointing a chief to take care of it and of the refugees who fled to it, the last of these being Umtokwana. The king also instituted a body of secret service men whose business it was to find out when any of the other chiefs meant to kill anyone for witchcraft, and to warn the intended victims to come at once, that he might send them away to this place of refuge. Some of these he allowed to be killed, and some were killed without his knowledge, but many were saved by this new regulation of King Mpande's.

Another thing he did which probably had a good effect, was to reduce many witch doctors for wasting his time, as he considered it, preferring that they should join the army and work or fight for their king.

These men excused themselves for not serving, but making a living instead by "smelling out abatakati," saying that these persons were guilty of throwing powders (umsizi) along the

roads or into the kraals, and thereby causing death or misfortune to those who passed along, or who lived in the huts.

If an epidemic such as influenza, measles or whooping-cough broke out, it was invariably thought to be the work of an umtakati and reported to the witch doctor, who got paid for the "smelling-out" business.

Superstition still has power over the native mind, but in these days of greater enlightenment, and above all, of Christian teaching, the Zulus are more willing to recognise that death is natural to all created beings, and not, as was universally believed by them formerly, necessarily caused by witchcraft.

Fencing

Ukuqagula or Ukuqagulisa

The Zulus have a mode of fencing of their own, in the practice of which their young men and boys learned the art of attack and defence. They were in the grand old days fond of sport, and this sport in particular was the favourite one among them, for it was not only practised by youth for the sake of learning how to give a blow, and how to parry or ward it off skilfully, but was engaged in by the older men, as a pastime, and also as an exercise for the purpose of keeping up the skill acquired in youth.

Gagula is probably the same as qagulisa, the causative form of the verb qagula, this having been elided to make the word less cumbrous.

Gagula again is derived from Ganga (to joke) this word apparently having been altered to "qagula" which would mean "to joke by means of sticks."

The sticks used are fairly thick ones, but not so substantial as to give a dangerous blow. They certainly were used pretty vigorously sometimes, but this seldom caused serious fighting, as it was always looked upon as merely a friendly game, and neither knobkerries nor heavy sticks were ever employed. There

was usually a preliminary talk about the prowess of the parties to the game, ending in an agreement to try conclusions with one another. The Challenger would say "Inselele" that is "I challenge you," and the other would reply "Woza uyitate," "I accept your challenge". They two then would approach each other, and every time the one who got in a blow would exclaim, "Nanso!" while the other if he managed to ward it off would reply "Hlala". Then if he succeeded in giving a blow in his turn, he would call out "Ivume". This went on for some time till one or more of the bystanders in the circle would declare which was the victor.

The game is also known by the name of Ukungcweka. Very often the Zulu girls went in for fencing, which besides being a healthy form of recreation, was useful, making them independent and able to protect themselves against "Inswelaboya" when on long journeys, for sometimes they had to travel great distances on foot, carrying beer or food to their fathers and brothers who were at the king's kraal weeding his cornfields, and fencing his cattle kraals.

On their journeys they carried long sticks in their hands, and woe betide any impudent stranger who dared to insult them in any way. Some Zulu girls were such good fencers that they could beat any ordinary man who was not skilled in the art.

Stabbing a Tuber

Ukuhlaba Insema

This is one of the favourite games for youths. The word "Ukuhlaba" means to stab, and "Insema" is the name of a small shrub with pretty blue flowers, and fleshy leaves, which exude a milky juice when pulled off. But the root is the part most valued by the Zulu youths, being a large spherical tuber weighing sometimes as much as 10lbs, and this was used by them when out herding cattle in the game of Insema, which was good practice for the accurate use of the assegai later in life. Besides having the pretty flowers and the useful root, the Insema bears a pod which is quite nice, milky and juicy to eat. The root was supposed to represent a buck or other animal, or human being while in motion, and the stabbing instrument was a stick of some strong wood which would splinter rather than break. It was cut about the length of a throwing assegai, that is to say about $4^1/_2$ to 5 feet long, and was so prepared as to have a sharp point at the stabbing end, and to be thinner in the middle, leaving both ends thick, which made it quiver when handled, and enabled it to be more effectively thrown. Sometimes the sharp end would have the point burnt slightly to make it harder.

The game was played on the slope of a hill by boys who had invited one another to compete. They would all range themselves in a row on the slope with their *izinkanji*, (sharpened sticks), standing about a yard apart from one another so as to have room for the free use of their arms, and each boy would have two or three of these weapons. A younger boy would be posted at the top of this row of young warriors to roll down the tubers in front of them.

The game would now commence by this little boy rolling one of the tubers straight down in front of the row of bigger boys, who would each hurl his spear at the moving *Insema*, the one who first succeeded in sticking it, claiming the victory, and moving up to the top of the row, the top boy taking the next place. This might go on until the one who had been top at first, got to the bottom, not having once been successful in stabbing the tuber which was rolled down again and again until too much broken to be used any longer, when it was thrown away and a fresh one substituted, the process was repeated until the whole stock was exhausted.

There were of course two sides competing, an equal number of boys on each, standing as had been described, in a row on the hillside.

At the end of the game the successful stabs were counted, and the side which had most points declared to be the victorious one.

The Rock of Two-Holes

Itshe Elintunjambili

One of the most popular legends with the Zulus is called, "The Rock of Two-Holes". It is known throughout the Zulu country, and mothers love to relate it to their children when these are waiting for their evening meal.

This historical rock overlooks the Tukela River, beyond Krantzkop, and the district takes its name from it. It is very high, and has two big "eyes" through it. People are warned not to stop and look into these holes, more especially children, for there is an unseen being within, which has the power of drawing in any passers by, and of keeping them there. It is supposed that this mysterious being has its dwelling in the middle of the rock, and although this is always closed, it has the power of opening and shutting it at will. This was done by merely giving the order, "Vuleka" (be opened) and "Valeka" (be closed) which order was immediately obeyed; and it was understood to be rather dangerous to be standing by when the words were uttered, as one might be drawn in by the magical power of the invisible inhabitant.

Orders given by any one else, outside the rock, would have no effect at all.

Sometimes travellers passing that way, could not resist stopping to listen to the enchantingly sweet sounds which came through the two eyes, and stood there wondering who the singer might be. At dusk a low soft moaning was heard, which sounded exceedingly sad, like the voice of one who was lonely and in distress.

So here is the interpretation of it all.

Once upon a time a Zulu woman, who was living in a kraal near the Ntunjambili Rock, had a lazy daughter, who strongly objected to be sent upon any errands. When she had to fetch water from the Tukela River, or to gather sticks to light the fire, she would be all day away, making her mother very anxious. So the mother thought it would be well for her to warn the girl of the risk she was running, and said, "My girl, I now warn you that if you go on in this way, wasting your time in playing near that rock and listening to the singing, one of these days you will be drawn into it, and then you will never get out again. When once you are there, you will be sent on no more errands, but be shut up for evermore."

The girl however thought this was merely said to frighten her into good behaviour.

The next day the mother had a lot of beer to make, and sent her daughter to the river to fetch water for it, with instructions to hurry back, as she had almost finished grinding the

corn (amabele) and wanted the water into which to mix it.

The girl went away as slowly and unwillingly as ever, for she knew she would have to go for more if she came back too soon. She filled her vessel with water, and on her way home she stopped, faced the dreaded rock, and looked into its big eyes, singing these words:—

"Open to me O! Rock and let me enter,
Father and mother by sending me on errands
Have been the cause of my request to you,
Sending me all this distance frequently".

In Zulu words:—

"Ngivulele, we'litshe, ngingene,
Ngenziwa ubaba nomame,
Bangihambisa ngezindhlel' ezinde."

There she stood singing her song, little thinking that her rash wish would be granted, when suddenly to her surprise the magic power sucked her, vessel and all, into the terrible rock which closed in upon her relentlessly.

In vain did her mother seek for her, day after day. Then since she was nowhere to be found, the poor woman felt quite certain that her daughter had disregarded her warning, and had been drawn into the rock.

The sad moaning sounds heard here at dusk are supposed to be the wailing of the lost maiden of yore. She is always lonely and homesick, for the rock will never release

her, and she sees nothing to interest her there, and now she wishes she had helped and obeyed her mother.

No child will ever again dare to ask the stone to open, for no matter where it might be, or how far away, the Rock, of Two-Holes would suck it in, by order of the unseen being inside, and there it would have to remain, singing its sad song for evermore.

The holes have since broken into one — as seen in the picture.

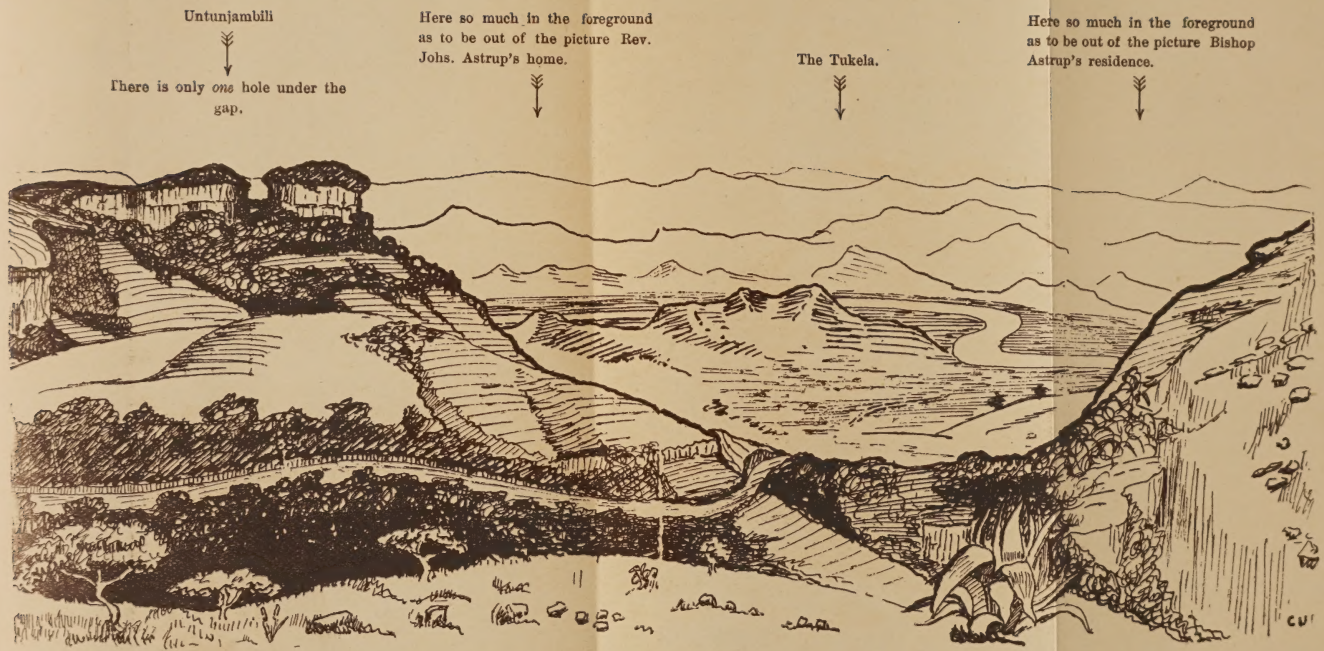
Another Legend about the Rock of Two-Holes

Natal Version

In a kraal near this celebrated rock lived two girls with their parents, and they used to go out every day digging with their hoes. After they had been there for some time, there was a great famine in the district, and they had nothing to live upon but the milk of a bird. They did not know where the bird lived, for it was always put into a clay pot, and shut up. One evening, however, one of the girls peeped through a hole in her blanket, saw the bird taken out of the pot and early next morning when it was time to go out to dig, they heard a voice saying, "That is my father's ground, which is cultivated by lazzy ones. Earth harden firmly! Clod be stuck fast!"

They looked about, but could see no person anywhere, only a bird flying over their heads.

When they got home again they looked into the pot, which they found open. This made the mother angry, and she scolded them so that one of the children was so frightened that she ran away, and climbed up



Untunjambili drawn by C. U. Faye from a painting by Miss E. M. Wright at Untunjambili M. S., the property of Mrs. (Rev.) Johs. Astrup of the Church of Norway Mission.

a big tree which grew in the middle of the river, where even her father was unable to get at her and bring her back. After a time she got tired of being there herself, and went wandering off, not knowing which way to go. Presently she smelt a sweet odour, which seemed to be blown from a hole in a rock, she looked in and then ventured to enter it, when to her surprise and horror she found a cannibal hidden inside. In terror she ran out at once, leaving her things behind, but afterwards she returned to look for them. The cannibal called out "Come in, come in and take your things." This she was too much afraid of him to do, and again went away without them.

Not far off she saw a big rock, and longed to hide in it, but could see no opening anywhere, so she cried aloud to it to open and let her in, and the rock pitying her distress, did so, and in she went. Then it closed again, only leaving a small gateway or aperture.

Shortly afterwards, the cannibal, who had been following her, also called to the rock to open as the little girl had done, again it complied with the request, and he got in, but not finding her, the crack being in a different place, went out again, leaving her still in her retreat. She never came out again, as she feared the cannibal was waiting outside to pounce upon her and take her away for his dinner, "and there she remains to this day."

A famous Weasel

Ucakijana

There was once a particularly clever weasel, which went out early in the morning to hunt for snakes. He came to a big hole, and looking into it, saw something inside like the root of a large tree, but could not quite make out what it was, so after standing and staring at it for some time, he went away, but returned again and again to have another good look. At last he observed a slight movement. "Oh! it moves! It uncoils itself! It is an imamba? — Yes it is! and an enormous one. What shall I do?" And poor Cakijana's heart sank within him, with fright. He thought how small he was compared with this huge and awful creature, and said to himself "Could such a tittle thing as I tackle such a monster? Wow! the imamba could swallow me at one gulp, it need not even bite me in pieces, but if I only pluck up courage; I will watch till it comes out of its hole, then is my opportunity; I will not enter, I could not attack it inside. I wish I was not all alone here. Still I have killed countless numbers of snakes single-handed. — Ah! now the sun is coming out — I know the ways of snakes. It will soon come out of the hole now, and when it begins to sun itself I know I can catch it. But I

do wish I were not so small.—How I lament my weakness and insignificance!"

Saying this, the weasel went away and hid in a small bush not far off, and remained there quite still and constantly on the watch. Soon the sun became very hot, and made him sleepy, but just while he was enjoying a nice little nap, a suspicious rustling awoke him, and opening his eyes, he saw the monster steadily approaching, but fortunately it did not see him.

The weasel kept perfectly quiet, watching, and thinking how best to pounce upon his enemy when it was coiling itself up to enjoy the warmth of the sun.

Just as it was in the act of doing so, with its eyes closed, the weasel darted suddenly upon the top of its big head, giving it a sharp bite, which was a fatal one, and though it wriggled for some time afterwards, it was incapable of taking its revenge upon its adversary. The weasel was delighted at its success in defeating and destroying the snake, and began singing to himself, "Dance and sing your own praises, as none is here to sing them for you.—This is indeed a tremendously big thing that I have killed all alone by myself, and I such a small creature."

That night the weasel went to sleep well satisfied with himself at having accomplished such a great feat.

From this legend the Zulus have derived a proverb which is commonly used among them:

"The snake is out to field, the weasel is on the watch," the meaning being that you may think you are having it all your own way, but you are being watched all the same.

The weasel is famous for its smartness, for which it has been paid many compliments, which are to the effect that it is always on the alert, ready to bite first, whilst its opponent is wasting time in jeering at the weasel for being so small and insignificant.

It is indeed a most uncommon thing for a weasel to be found sleeping, and "Catch a weasel asleep" is a well-known proverb amongst the English also.

Natives who have been found to be cunning and deceitful sometimes get the nickname Cakijana, which means "Clever little weasel."

Human "Wireless Telegraphy"

The Zulus are celebrated for being marvellous news-carriers, and Europeans have often been astonished to find how swiftly news travels in their country, without the aid of papers, letters or telegrams.

Whatever takes place is known for miles round, in an incredibly short time, — what happens in the morning is known everywhere, long before sunset. During the recent wars we often heard from natives, of attacks which had taken place, even before the special editions of the papers had been distributed. Particular arrangements for forwarding news were made by them in time of war, as of course it is more important that it should be sent on quickly then, than at other times, and lines of communication are established from hill to hill and from kraal to kraal, so as to spread it at once.

The natives have such strong voices that they can make themselves heard from one hill to another, and even from one valley to another.

When they travel through the country and meet any one on the way, they always exchange friendly greetings, and ask for a pinch of snuff. After this comes the request, "Tell me the news of the country." (If anybody

makes such a mistake as to say "Your news, sir", he would be answered "Am I a diviner?" as this is the question put to diviners when enquiring if any fresh thing has been found out by them.)

The following incident shows how quickly things are known amongst the Zulus. Their King Mpande died in 1872, when I was at St. Mary's College at Richmond, Natal, which place is almost three hundred miles from the king's kraal Mahlabatini in Zululand, when his death took place. The natives who waited at table had found out by chance, that I was a missionary's daughter from Zululand, and thought I ought to be told about it, so they stopped to speack at the door by which we should leave the dining room. As I was passing they spoke to me in low modulated voices, saying "Nkosazana, we know that you are from Zululand. We want to whisper to you some private news which has just reached us. Our King Mpande is resting now." I thanked them for letting me know, for it was an honour to be told this, as it was as yet not publicly known, and told only to those who were concerned, or were in sympathy with their nation.

But it was rather difficult to credit it at the time, for there was no notice of it in the Natal papers, and it was some days before it was allowed to leak out, when of course it was reported in all of them.

Mpande had the good fortune to die a natural death. Other kings had been "assisted"

to die. They were noted for fighting and for killing other people, but Mpande preferred peace and quiet, for which reason he was sometimes called "Isifazana", that is to say, a woman, a term of endearment for a kindly disposed man.

The Hidden Treasure of Zululand

In very early days, most probably during the reign of Jama or Senzangakona, mines of silver, copper and iron were found in this country. They were said to be very rich. The Zulus experimented with these metals, and found out that when heated red-hot they could be beaten into any shape required; accordingly they made different tools of the iron for gardening, and others for cutting down trees and chopping firewood. Assegais were also made of iron, but for Royalty silver was used. Big balls were made also, the size of one's fist, or of a small cannon ball, and with a hole drilled through them so that they could be threaded on a strong buckskin lace and hung on the neck or waist. These were called "Izindondo". Some must have been made of lead, for it is said that the metal was melted and poured into a small vessel with a rod stuck through the middle, then left to cool till they could be turned out quite round and solid. All ornaments worn by Royalty were made of silver or gold, those for commoners of copper, lead or iron. These were, of course, very heavy and the wearers must have suffered fearfully with such things heating

them, and rubbing or scraping the skin off their limbs and bodies.

But it is wonderful to see what people will endure for fashion's sake and for vanity. It must have been quite a penance, more especially when added to this they wore armlets made of metal to match the balls. These armlets would weigh from one to two pounds, and reached from the wrist as high as the elbow, some persons wearing them above the elbow. Blacksmiths became numerous when there was so much work for them, and they made things to order, suitable to every rank and station in life. A blackmith is called "Inyanga yokukanda", which signifies "the doctor for beating."

In those days an armlet or necklace was often given instead of "lobola" (marriage consideration) for a girl, silver being used for people of high rank, and the cheaper metals for those below them. If the latter class used silver they would be killed for daring to overstep the line and setting themselves up as equals to their superiors. The "Smelling out Diviners" would soon be at them and they would be destroyed, their boys and girls taken and distri' uted, and all that they possessed confiscated.

They could of course, use cattle, sheep and goats for "lobola" if they liked, and one head of cattle and a few goats was considered ample for an ordinary man to give.

For a chief's daughter it was doubled, and so forth, according to the position and wealth

of the parties, for rank and position counted for much with the Zulus.

After these metal ornaments and implements had been in use for some years, a dreadful epidemic broke out and raged throughout the country. It was most contagious, and deadly, apparently a kind of cholera or fever which swept away whole kraals of people from one end of the country to the other.

The King called all his chief men and Diviners together to discover, if possible, the cause of this terrible scourge, and there was great consultation over it, many different views being taken on the subject, and different opinions given.

The Diviners called upon their ancestral spirits (amadhlozi) to assist them to find the cause of all the trouble, but in vain, they could not agree, even with their assistance. The King said "Pass it on to the appeal Docter (or Diviner)". This was done, and he told them that the spirit said it was the use of metals which had brought this calamity upon them, which was proved by the fact that the skins of some of those who had died were found to have turned to a whitish colour before or after death. To this everybody assented, taking it as proof positive and said that the "Appeal Doctor" must be right.

Consequently the King ordered that all the tools and ornaments should be collected and returned to the ground from whence the metal had been dug, and that no one, on pain of

death, was ever to reveal the secret of the place where it was buried.

The blacksmiths were then commanded to close their places of business, and to collect every piece of metal in the country and bury it.

When this work was completed the men employed were all killed for fear they should be infected. There were some who saw the treasure mine, and who might have been tempted to reveal the secret if they dared, but being very superstitious, they were afraid to do so, as the place was looked upon as sacred.

From time to time people have endeavoured to find the treasure of Zululand, but without success. It is understood that there is only one old man now living who is able to show where the place is, if only he dared to do such a thing. He has been offered a fortune to tell, but he would far rather die than do so. For if he did, the spirits of his own and of other people's ancestors might worry him for ever and ever in the spirit-world!

Anyone who knows the buried treasure may indeed think himself a lucky man, and all natives ought to know the story although it is a somewhat doubtful tradition.

Strange to say, there were some few people who disobeyed the King's orders, and refused to give up their cumbersome ornaments, some of which, that is to say the armlets, were worn as late as in King Mpande's reign, They looked clumsy and uncomfortable, and on hot days water was poured over them to cool the arms.

How Zulus train themselves to become Diviners

This is a proceeding by means of which a man or woman professes to obtain a new set of faculties, that is to say, spiritualism and the power of divining and prophesying, and thus taking on a new personality and entering the domain of the spirit-world.

There are different means of getting this power, and the men who take it up are moved to it in different ways. It usually begins by the person affected suddenly becoming eccentric, leaving his home to wander about the hills, often without food, and sleeping in the veld without washing or tending his body in any way.

He goes bellowing like a bull, and becomes almost a hermit, he talks to imps and spirits of darkness and of the nether world, he takes to star-gazing and moon-gazing, and very often becomes so emaciated from leading such a life, as to appear to be going into a decline.

When he deems himself properly prepared by these means, he returns to his people, cleans himself, kills a beast in honour of the spirits, plaits his hair, bedaubs the plaits with fat and charms of various kinds, and

lets them hang down over his face, so that he looks more like some imp of darkness, than a human being.

He then commences practise as a Diviner, and does many clever things, but they are, most of them, tricks and impostures, like those of many persons, Europeans as well as Africans, who while in the natural world pretend to be in the spiritual world.

The male diviner used never to put on the headring, but wore his hair hanging in plaits as I have described, and the female diviner did not put up hers in a top-knot like other Zulu women, but let it hang down in well greased ringlets to which charms were attached.

Both men and women wore a great many bladders of the beasts which had been supplied to them for the spirits, by their dupes who believed in anything the diviners did or told them to do.

These diviners were, and are still, a curse to the land, and about as bad as palmists are among ourselves, and they ought to be rooted out of the country.

Truly as the wise man said long ago, there is nothing new under the sun, and spiritualism seems to have been practised by the witch of Endor in the time of King Saul.

And it is not uncommon to find palmists and hypnotisers believed in, in Christian countries, gaining a dishonest livelihood by imposing on the credulity of others.

This cannot be gainsaid, that they have become uncannily acquainted with the spirits of darkness, and learnt the art of cheating to perfection. Some of course, are clumsy about it. Such as these, among the Zulus at least, are killed, but the cleverer ones keep their dupes in this world hypnotised, until hypnotised and hypnotisers alike see the folly and the sin of it all in the next.

Being Transformed into a Diviner

Another Method

The first sign of a man or woman being gradually transformed into a diviner by the spirits of their ancestors are noticed and respected by the naturally superstitious Zulu races. The spirit (idhlozi) so upsets and confuses both the body and mind of the person affected, that he becomes a continual dreamer, gets run down in health and loses his appetite, so that he begins to be most fanciful about his food avoiding some things altogether. He, or she, loves solitude, and wanders about alone searching for roots and bark to make into medicines. His spirit tells him which he is to dig up and take for his purpose, and these he crushes with a stone, mixes with water and gall, and then churns all up together with a stick in a vessel.

When the mixture is made he throws it over his body and rubs it well in, after which the spirit incites him to leap over hedges and ditches, or other obstacles.

He hides away from everybody, and people begin to say he is mad.

His relations then kill animals to sacrifice to the spirits, the meat so sacrificed being

eaten by young boys and old women only; the rest is medicated by a doctor with a kind of yellow flowers used for making scent, and this is burnt as an offering to the spirits. All this is done during the changing process.

When at last the new Diviner comes out of his shell, he runs to throw himself into a pond, from which he emerges with a green snake coiled round his neck. (This is the green water-snake, the correct sort for a diviner). He now dances about with it still round his neck, performing all sorts of mad antics.

After this, another beast is slaughtered for his benefit, and he receives his promotion as a diviner, and is fitted out and decorated with the ornaments proper to his profession. First of all, the gall-bladder of the beast slaughtered, which he wears on his head, the tail being tied to his legs, and a string of choice roots is hung round his neck, with bones of different kinds of snakes.

If he is to be a death-diviner he has to take about with him ten small knuckle or ankle-bones of various kinds of animals, threaded on a string, and is presented with a shield to carry, and now he is fully equipped for his business of a diviner of death. The stringed bones being those of the fiercest sorts of wild animals to be found, are looked upon with great awe. He throws them out when divining, as cards are thrown out to tell fortunes, each bone meaning something known only to himself.

The diviner who finds out the causes of sickness, - (this is another branch of the profession) - carries about with him a string of twigs from all sorts of trees, these are used in a similar manner to that of the death-diviner with bones.

He too begins by collecting a supply of medicines, namely roots of plants, bark, creepers; flesh, hearts, bones and skins of animals, tigers' and lions' teeth, ostrich egg-shells, hearts of birds of prey, and shells, bulbs, nuts and stones. Then all this heterogeneous collection is burnt to charcoal, or reduced to ashes, so that it can be ground into a powder for doctoring purposes.

The powder being ready for use, is put into little leather bags which are strung on a string made of cattle's sinews, and tied round his neck, or across his shoulders.

The diviner's rig-out being now complete, he only waits to be moved by his ancestral spirit. His appetite returns, but he still seeks solitude, and when the spirit moves him he gets a bad shuddering fit again.

After this he looks about for a suitable place to begin business in, this being either in a cattle-kraal or under a tree. Here he sits down, and pats the ground, or throws his sticks and bones about. By this people know that he is ready to begin work, so they come closer, but sit at a respectful distance. He shudders fearfully again, and then they crawl nearer to him, saying "Your news, Sir," and sit watching his next movements.

He takes a pinch of medicated snuff to refresh himself and clear his brain, and the spirit once more moves him to take up his divining stones and toss them about for luck. Then he shakes his head and looks up, shades his eyes and gazes far away into space with a long staring look as though he actually saw a vision of what his visitors wished him to find out.

Again he takes a pinch of his snuff (specially prepared) which makes the tears run down his cheeks, then orders his visitors (there are generally two) to beat the ground, shouting "Hit hard so that we can hear." They do so, then drop their rods and clap their hands crying out "Hear, hear!"

The diviner says "You have come to ask me to find out what it is that troubles your wife." They clap twice to this, saying "Hear, hear!"

"You have tried other diviners, but they were unable to tell you."

To this they give three claps, more heartily than ever, and shout "Hear, hear!" at the top of their voices.

Now he rises and jumps about like one possessed, shouting "Clap ye hard, all at once, so we may hear." This they do clapping harder than ever, and repeating "Hear, hear!" at every clap.

He sits down again, looking enquiringly into their eyes, and says, "The chief wife is the one affected." (The clapping, shouting goes on after every statement made.) "You

have spent much on this sickness, but no good has been done." ("Hear, hear!")

"My spirit has now told me the cause."

They now clap extra hard and pick up their sticks and beat the earth till the dust flies, but the diviner only goes on urging them to hit harder, shaking his long plaits and staring frightfully.

He snaps his finger-tips and points to his head, saying "The spirit tells me, she has beetles in her head." To this they give a hearty assent, with the usual accompaniment of "Hear, hear!" and claps, with stones in their hands this time, so as to be heard to better advantage.

"At times she wanders about, talking to herself." (Repetition of shouts and claps again). "Especially when the moon is full." (Shouts and claps, da capo.)

The diviner receiving such great encouragement continues thus - "Now you want to know what medicines to use for her." "Yes, we do." "Pay me a heifer to start me." (This to provide medicines.) This being agreed to, he goes on with his big orders, "Go home, slaughter a bullock as a sacrifice to her ancestral spirits, and speak to them for her." They go home and do so.

Some of the most important of the bones used in divining are those of a harte-beest, elephant, ant-bear, baboon, tiger or panther, jackal, wolf, crane and snake. Claws and teeth, horns and snakeskins are also valued by the diviner. No wonder that the people

fear him when he goes laden with all these fearsome objects, and it is a blessing that there are no more about. Even Tshaka thought there were too many in his time, and hit upon a plan for doing away with numbers of them. They had got tired of fighting for him, and excused themselves for staying away by saying that they were diviners, the fact being that they were cowards.

Warriors are always required, thought King Tshaka; - so one day, just to test their powers, he killed a goat and sprinkled its blood outside the door of the royal hut, and he would soon find out whether they could tell who had done this.

All the diviners were commanded to come before him, and he enquired of each one, but as none were able to tell him who it was, they were killed.

Only one guessed right. He said "The heavens did it," which meant Tshaka himself, Uzulu, the heavens, being his royal name or title.

This man saved his life by his lucky guess, and was in consequence thought much of afterwards.

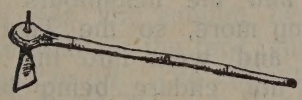
This is Mini Kanyile's account of "Ukwetwasa" (Being transformed into a diviner). He is a very old man, having been a herd-boy in Dingane's time.

How Baboons got their Tails

This is one of the commonest and most laughable of Zulu legends. The story is that baboons are really degenerate men and women, whose tribal name was "Tusi". They were a lazy lot, and disliked the trouble of sowing and planting like other tribes, preferring to sit and talk all day long until they had eaten all the food they had, and then go and beg from their more industrious neighbours. These were kind and hospitable, and always gave them what they asked for. (Zulus are noted for their kindness in sharing their food with others.)

Still, the Tusi tribe was laughed at for being idle, and not liking this they at last made up their minds to work like other people, so as to be independent too.

Accordingly they went to the blacksmith to beg for picks to dig with, these they put through handles like this



a long stick with a knob at one end for the sharp end of the pick to go through, which was the sort in use at that time. When the picks were ready for use they begged for seed to start them, this was given them and so they went to work with good intentions. They worked fairly well for the first few days, when the thought struck them that their picks were too heavy, and the ground too hard, so they stood cogitating a while, leaning with their backs against the pick-handles to rest their weary limbs. They stood resting thus till noon, and talked of giving up work altogether, when one of them suggested that they should have just one more try, as they had now had a long rest. So they all turned to take up their picks, when lo! and behold! the picks turned with them, the handles seemed to be grafted on their backs, and the iron part rooted firmly in the earth. They turned to the right, they turned to the left, they jumped, they rolled, but it was all in vain, for the pick broke off and remained in the ground, while the wooden handle stuck immovably to their bodies. Hair grew on it, and afterwards spread all over them, so they became a laughing-stock to all beholders. They were told that it served them right for being idle, and the neighbours would not help them any more, so the Tusi tribe left their homes and went into the wilds, for they could not endure being laughed at. From that time they have always dwelt in caves in the forest, and lived on roots and

berries, spending a good deal of time watching for corn to get ripe in people's gardens, and then helping themselves, no longer asking for food.

Baboons have often been seen taking pumpkins, putting one on the top of the other and tying them together with a plaited grass rope, just as natives do, and this they say proves that they were formerly human beings. They have been seen to chastise their young ones with a stick; and a traveller in what is now called Rhodesia, and in the back veld long ago, states that some Bushmen profess to understand the baboon's language.

Zulus declare that they have been known to play practical jokes on people whom they found asleep in the cornfields, when they ought to have been keeping the birds off the corn. Once when they found a watcher asleep thus, the baboons went in great numbers and helped themselves freely, carrying away as much corn as they possibly could to their caves, one big fellow standing on guard. When they had taken all they wanted, he went very gently to the smouldering fire which was near the sleeper, and stuck an ear of corn into it to get heated, then when he thought it was hot enough he drew it out and hit the man on the face with it, to wake him up, and ran off. The man awoke, rubbed his eyes, jumped up and looked round his field, but there was no corn left.

The big baboon which had been on the watch yelled out "Hoha! Hoha!" and immediately made off for the forest.

This is why a baboon is called Nohoha.

A Zulu Cairn

Isivivana

Raising a cairn and adding to it frequently as years go on, is one of the earliest known customs in Zululand. Nobody would think it lucky to pass one without adding a small or large stone to make it higher, it would certainly cause some misfortune or other to do so.

It is impossible to trace the origin of the custom, and of the superstitions with regard to it; the cairn may have been a memorial of some important treaty between ruling tribes, or it may have been suggested by one of the Scripture narratives, such as that of Jacob raising a stone on the spot where he had dreamt the happy dream of seeing angels; if indeed there was any knowledge of Scripture among the raisers of the monument, or any tradition, brought from the North of the event itself.

That Natal natives know very little about the matter, but Zulus often speak of these cairns, and Europeans who have travelled through their country will no doubt have seen them. The cairn then, is merely a heap of loose stones, higher or lower, according to its antiquity and to the number of passers-by, for whether men, women, or children, they invariably pick up stones to throw upon it,

and when throwing they mutter something they wish to possess. These are the most common wishes: "Give us good luck." "Give us plenty of cattle, sheep and goats." "Give us good health," and such requests as these.

Some cairns are very high indeed, having been added to for years and years by passing travellers. In adding to the ancient ones they would say "Generations of the past, watch over us."

It is said that the Zulu women passing by with their children on their backs, stop to release them and give them a little stone to throw, telling them what words to say.

Zulu children are always carried in this way, tied astride on the Mother's back in a brayed goatskin, the child's head and feet sticking out. The woman's hands and head are then free for carrying other things, and the child is both safe and comfortable.

Spirits of various Ranks

"Idhlozi lingifulatele" (the spirit has turned its back upon me) is a very common saying with the Zulus when they have had bad luck or feel forsaken; for all sorts and conditions, whether men or women, have their spirits to look after them. Knowing this, and knowing how particular they are about rank and position amongst themselves, one is inclined to wonder whether they have classified their spirits as well, and strange as it may seem, they have really done so.

It used to be generally understood that "Inyandezulu" was the only spirit-snake, but we are now told that it is the spirit of Chiefs only. It is a harmless green snake, which is mostly seen in trees, and which often pays visits to the native huts. The largest kind of imamba which has a crest on the head is designated the spirit-snake of kings.

As for the common people, they turn into quite a number of different snakes, of which one called the Umhlwazi is said to be the most good natured, so it is classed as the spirit of good natured persons. It generally keeps still and quiet, and when it does move, it moves very slowly indeed.

Another sort is the spirit-snake of all women and girls, one would conclude that it is a kind of lizard, for it is said to be gray and

to have four legs. It is fond of coiling itself up on the rocks, and is sometimes found coiled thus on a stone where the women grind mealies, or on the tobacco stone. If found on either of these, no one dares to move it off, as such an act might couse his death. The only way to make it go away in a good humour is to sacrifice a cow, sheep or goat to it, and to sing its praises, or to thank it for its visit.

All the snakes above mentioned are distinguished from the rest as being "spirit-snakes." The puff-adder and the other ordinary kinds are termed mere reptiles.

Zulus are firm believers in their own system of what we call Spiritualism, taking for granted that their allotted spirits know all about them, and watch over them, so to keep on good terms they offer sacrifices to them.

The Heavenly Birds

In the Zulu imagination there were birds which lived beyond the skies, they had red legs, red-bills, and short red tails, the latter as red as fire. They have dazzlingly bright feathers and are remarkably fat and healthy. Thunder is caused by their fighting and knocking their wings together; and the flashes of forked lightning by their claws scratching through the clouds so that they can fly to the earth and settle there. One was said to have been shaking its fiery wings at a spot where lightning struck down into the ground.

When a heavy thunderstorm is going on, the natives may sometimes be heard to call out "Maye! Mamo! Wamgwazo." (Oh! Mother, you pierced him). This is the manner in which they address the thunder-birds.

A Ring round the Sun

It would be thought likely that the Zulus in times of war or other serious trouble, should be on the look out for changes in the sky which are supposed to foretell success or failure, as it is generally to the spirits of their ancestors that their attention is specially directed at such times, looking to them for support in any undertaking, and they have often been heard to say "Help us you of our family". If successful they say "Those of our house have watched over us"- and if on the other hand, they are unfortunate, they exclaim "Our spirits have forsaken us." This phrase is used in bad luck of any kind.

But during the Zulu war of 1878-9, we heard that the men were daily watching the sun to see whether it had a ring round it, whether the ring was a wide or a narrow-one, whether it was a perfect circle or whether it had an opening at one side.

Eventually those who had been watching so anxiously said that there was a very narrow ring completely surrounding the sun — and this meant that Cetshwayo would be captured by the English, that there was no gate or opening left by which he could escape, and that the ring not being wide, he would not be a prisoner for life, all of which came

quite true, and consequently their faith in the ring round the sun was confirmed.

Again they watched the sun during the Boer war of 1899-1900, and they declare that though there was a ring this time, it was a very wide one, and had an opening! Therefore they predicted that President Kruger would make good his escape, and again they were right!

Some years after this, the great comet (Halley's comet), appeared. It was watched nightly, with fear and trembling, for it was an omen of something bad which was about to take place and would affect all, and its white colour showed that it would particularly concern the white nation, that is to say the English.

Then came the death of King Edward.

Still the comet went on appearing every night, getting longer and longer. The tail being so very long and so very white, the natives concluded that it was the finger of the Almighty, reproving his people, especially the Europeans, as he was not satisfied with their way of ruling his earth.

They think that the long drought this year (1912) is caused by the cattle which were infected with tick fever taking their revenge for having been shot down so freely, and that there is an enormous lake up beyond the clouds, which the Almighty had prepared to water the earth, but the dead cattle are there drinking it all up as fast as it collects. In this way the lake gets drained and no rain falls.

This is what those who are still heathen, whose superstitions are simply endless, believe or say.

They generally manage to invent some supernatural cause for everything which occurs, to them nothing comes naturally, not even death.

Pygmies and Bushmen

According to Zulu tradition there was long ago a race of tiny people smaller than even the Bushmen, who lived in holes and caves just as monkeys do, indeed the only difference between them and the monkeys was that they had not tails and fur, and that they walked upright like human beings, and carried a bow and arrows wherever they went. They subsisted chiefly on such game as they shot, and on what they stole from other people's gardens. They used the skins of animals to clothe themselves with, and also the roof in the small huts which they sometimes made for the rainy season, though very often they only slept in the high grass, or in scooped-out ant-hills. There are great numbers of them in the upcountry districts where there are many rocks. They were clever at drawing and painting on the rocks, this was generally done in their caves, for the sake of shelter from the weather; they drew with their sharp little arrows, and painted with a wing-feather, dipped in some sort of juice which they had cooked and prepared for the purpose. Some was made of bark, and of berries which were plentiful in those days.

A large party of Zulus, who were out hunting one day, paid a surprise-visit to the pygmies' haunts. They wanted to see them

closer, for they had previously only watched them unseen from a distance. They met a few, and after they had looked at one another, made the usual Zulu salutation "Sanibona" (we see you). The pygmies were scared at the sight of such big people, but one brave little fellow answered with a question "Where did you see us?" "Just where you are standing", was the reply, which certainly seems innocent enough to us, but gave great offence to the little man, who looked upon it as an insult to him for being too small to be seen from afar. So he instantly drew out an arrow, dipped it in gum, and quick as lightning shot a man right through the arm. This was thought nothing of at first, the arrow being drawn out, but the arm soon swelled up tremendously, showing that the gum must have been poisonous, as was fully proved by the man's dying soon afterwards.

These pygmies were very sensitive about their diminutive size, and if they thought they were despised for it, were perfectly wild with anger, and took their revenge in this way. The rest of the hunting-party fled immediately, fearing that arrows might be sent at them also.

The news spread quickly all through the country, passed on by their wonderful human wireless telegraphy, and people were warned to be careful when they met the little creatures to say nothing which might be taken as a slight, but on the contrary to address them as if they were as big as themselves, or bigger. Accordingly, the next time there was a meet-

ing between them, the new greeting was "Ngakubona" (I saw you). The pygmy said in reply "Where did you see me?" "When you were ever so far away, close to the clouds". This meant on the highest point of a mountain, and the pygmies were quite delighted. They made it understood that they wished to be always greeted in this manner, for they considered themselves quite big enough to be seen at a long distance, and that their skill with bows and poisoned arrow ought to have made them famous if nothing else did.

These little folks wore girdles made of leaves, which Zulu girls also made girdles of in the early days before beads were introduced in their country.

Yet another story is related of the pygmies quarrelling over the moon every evening as it rose. They used it as their target for practising archery upon, and the first one to see it had a right to the first shot, and called out, "There is my lump" (meaning my property). "No," shouts another, "it is my lump." And from words they got to blows, this sort of thing going on till the moon was too high even for them to shoot.

There is another tribe, or rather race, of small people not quite so small as these pygmies, these are the Bushmen. They are notorious thieves, and when they fail to secure sufficient game they fall back on stealing sheep and goats, also going into mealiefields and helping themselves to all they can lay hands upon, and then storing it away in sa-

cret places in their caves. They are worse thieves than the baboons, for the baboons do not take food to store away. They know that when the tambootie grass is in flower the mealies would be ripe. Tambootie grass grows very high; in some places from eight to ten feet, and so provides a good shelter out of doors, as well as making excellent thatch for houses. The Bushmen were in the habit of hiding in this grass, armed with bows and arrows ready to shoot any live thing that might pass, and as their arrows were generally poisoned, people were in terror of them, coming out as they did, like fleas in a blanket, where they were least expected. The grass was their blanket, though it did not belong to them alone, but was the common blanket, belonging to all, which was given by the Creator, but not to hide in for evil purposes.

The Zulu hated the Bushmen, for their treacherous behaviour obliged them to go armed when collecting a few tambootie stalks for use in their huts. Some they used as candles, and some as tubes to blow saliva through and mark out labyrinths, when smoking hemp. If the little imps would only come out openly, and fight like men they would not mind quite so much, but to have an arrow driven through you unexpectedly, without your seeing from whence it came, was really too bad. It was like being bitten by a poisonous snake which one could not see in time to avoid it.

The Bushmen's language was full of clicks and so was the pygmies — Zulu is not in it

with them for clicks. Indeed, according to some authorities, the clicks are no part of the original Zulu language, but have been imported into it from Hottentot and other sources.

Once I heard a Bushman in a temper say "Qomqiqi" (Kill that dog) and each of these words has a click.

The dog had just bitten his leg, which made him so angry that he actually bit the dog in revenge.

The man had tattooed his nose and looked uncommonly queer. His nails were long and curved, and were no doubt very useful in digging up bulbs and roots and potatoes. He was indeed an extraordinary specimen of humanity. These little folks are dying out, and it is seldom that one has a chance of seeing one nowdays.

The Dutch formerly shot them down without mercy, men, women and even babies, which they said had better be destroyed or they would grow up to be Bushmen.

A Bird' Conference

All the birds of the air were invited to come and attend a great meeting, called together for the purpose of electing one of their number to be their king.

All the handsome and trustworthy birds turned up in great numbers, such as the harrier-eagle, bateleur eagle, the vulture, turkey-buzzard, yellow-billed kite, the hawks and owls, in fact all the worthy and highly respected kinds came first, taking the lead, as it were. The more insignificant ones came later, and joined in after the conference had already commenced, these were such as the humming-bird, the canary and glass-eye, also a very small bird called "Ucilo", (a midget lark).

After a long debate, it was decided that the bird which could fly the highest should be chosen as king, the distance agreed upon was up to heaven, and the bird to be chosen must peck at it, or better still, enter in.

Therefore as "wisdom is not measured by size" (a Zulu proverb) the smallest bird "Ucilo" flew and hid under the bateleur eagle's wing, at the start. As this has very strong wings it mounted to a great height, but began to get tired as it neared heaven. Ucilo noticed this, so flew out again, and went quite into heaven, whence he peeped out to cry aloud "I am the king!"

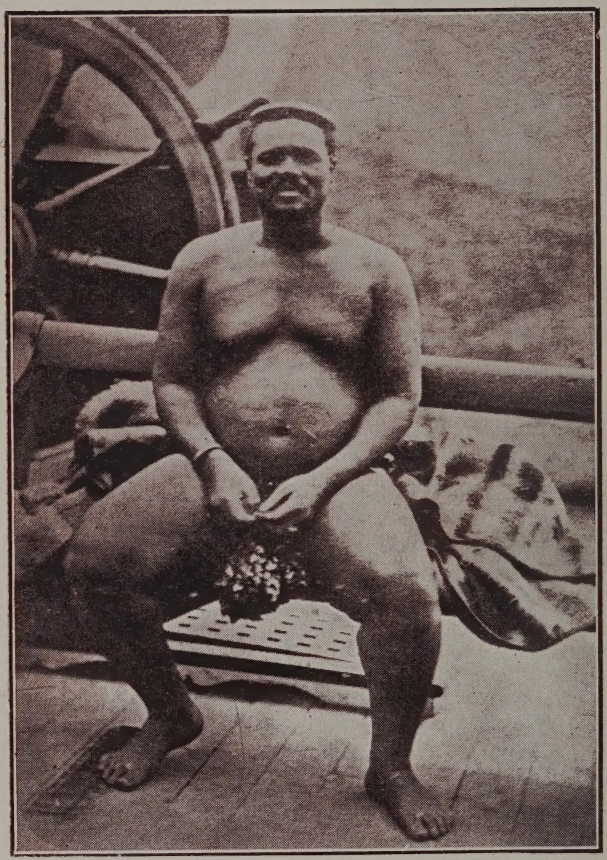
All the other birds were terribly angry at this unfair proceeding and said "What is this insignificant thing which intends to reign over us? Sirs it must really be killed". Ucilo heard this conversation, and very wisely flew into a hole to hide itself from its enemies. The rest of the birds now began to feel hungry, and said they must go off to get something to eat, but that they ought first to choose one of themselves, one with good, large clear eyes, to keep guard over the hole, and take care that the little midget lark did not come out. So they chose the owl, and left it in charge of the little prisoner. The owl sat there patiently watching for some time, until it felt drowsy and had a short nap, for it had been flying about as well as the others, and like them was tired and hungry. The midget lark was watching it too, all the time, and observed that it had its eyes closed longer than usual, then seized the opportunity to hop out and fly away, unnoticed by the sleepy owl.

When the other birds, returned, and found the owl still asleep, they aroused it, saying "You are a fine one to be left in charge! Asleep while it is yet day! You sleepy head!" This startled the owl and it rolled its big eyes about in a great fright, and said, "Dear Sirs, sleep overcame me, for I felt tired indeed, so I thought I would just take forty winks".

They looked into the hole, and finding "Ucilo" gone, exclaimed "The little thing has escaped", whereupon the owl flew away, and

all the birds gave chase, and they chased it and pecked at it until night came to the rescue.

And to this day the owl is in disgrace amongst the birds for letting Ucilo fly away.



Cetshwayo, on Board, taken away as prisoner to the Cape

CETYWAYO

Cetshwayo,

THE LAST KING OF THE ZULUS

The accompanying photograph is that of Cetshwayo, son of Mpande, and the very last Zulu King.

He was crowned King in 1873, by Sir Theophilus Thepstone, - and died at Eshowe in 1884. The photograph was taken at the Cape when he was a prisoner in the old Dutch castle, close to Capetown railway station. He is sitting on a straw mat, wearing his girdle, or mutsha, of tiger skins, "Silo" (the tiger) being one of his favourite titles, another of which is "Ngonyama" (Lion). "Zulu" and "Ndabezita" were the King's ordinary titles, by which he was usually saluted by his loyal subjects.

He was the first Zulu-King who learned to write his name. Under the photograph is a facsimile of his authograph given whilst he was in the old Dutch castle above mentioned. Dinuzulu his son, was able to read and write both English and Zulu well.

The above mentioned Photo was faded and unfit. This one was taken of him on board, on his way as prisoner to the Cape.

The approximate Dates of the Commencements of Reigns of the Zulu Kings.

1420 Malandela.
1460 Mdhlani.
1500 Zulu.
1520 Ntombela.
1560 Nkosinkulu.
1600 Mageba.
1640 Punga.
1680 Ndaba.
1720 Jama.
1760 Senzangakona.
1804 Tshaka.
1828 Dingane.
1843 Mpande.
1872 Cetshwayo.
1884 Dinuzulu — Ex-Prince.
1913 Solomon — Ex-Prince.

The Baboon and the Tortoise

A Story of a Selfish Friendship

The tortoise one day was out for his usual quiet little stroll, not hurrying himself too much, for he had really no need to do that, and (when you come to think of it) he had not the power, his legs being somewhat of the shortest. Before he had gone far, whom should he meet but a baboon, and after the usual polite salutations had been exchanged, he said "What do you think of our each planting a fig tree, so that we could have some fruit of our own?"

"Oh!" replied the baboon, who was a lazy fellow, and not at all averse to thieving, "it really is taking a great deal of unnecessary trouble, I am quite well enough off without planting for myself, I always help myself to whatever I please, where others have planted figs or mealies or anything else that I take a fancy to, and so I live as well as they do."

"Well" said the tortoise, "I mean to plant a fig tree, and when you see what nice sweet fruit I have of my own, you will wish you had taken my advice."

"Very well, just to please you, if you plant one tree I will plant another," said the baboon, and they both set to work, the tortoise slowly but industriously preparing the ground by

digging and manuring it, and the baboon merely sticking his tree into a shallow hole, and putting ashes round it, as he had not so far to go for them as for manure.

Both trees seemed to thrive at first, as the weather was favourable, sunshine and showers bringing them on. But before long the leaves of the baboon's tree turned a reddish-brown colour, while those of the one planted by the careful tortoise were dark green and much healthier looking, for he had watered it whenever it required water. The baboon was far too lazy to do this, and his tree quickly withered away and died. Meanwhile the tortoise's tree flourished amazingly, and grew very high, bearing a heavy crop of delicious fruit. But the drawback was, that the poor tortoise who had been so careful and industrious, was quite unable to obtain any for himself, as he was no climber, so he was obliged to beg the baboon to get up and pick some for him.

The baboon was only too willing to climb the tree, and to pluck the figs, but as for giving his poor little companion any, that was another thing, and the tortoise quite lost his temper when he saw the baboon on the branches he could not reach himself, enjoying a feast, while he who had had all the trouble was left in the lurch.

Accordingly he went to work, and succeeded in chopping the tree down, so that the greedy baboon fell with it. Then the tortoise tried to escape, but the baboon being too quick

for him, soon caught and killed him. And so ended the selfish friendship; the moral of my story being that it is well to know something of people's characters before you trust them too implicitly.

Zulu Education in the Knowledge of Animals

The Zulus, during the Zulu Kings' reigns, knew the names of all the animals, trees, herbs and grasses of their country. The knowledge of these was inculcated in them from their youth. One would often find a congress of Zulu children seated in a circle and rubbing into one another in a sing-song manner the names of these animals, which they had learnt from their elders. If any uncertainty arose the doubtful matter would be reffered to and settled by the elders who were often present to witness the performance of the youths. The performance would be in the nature of a competition. Before the competition commenced a row or rows of maize (mealie) corns would be placed in order, and the competitors seated in a row or rows or circle. The competition would be opened by a boy or girl seated at the end of the row, who would be allowed to name an animal and the next one would do the same thing and so on till all had had a turn, for each correct naming one corn would be taken out and placed to the credit of the youth who had made the correct naming.

The first man would start again and the rest followed until all had finished displaying

his knowledge. The corns of each would then be added, and the one who had most would be declared the winner. This made each one keener to win next time. The words that were uttered in a sing-song manner by each competitor while he was naming or trying to name some animal, were "Wena osemathafeni ungceda ijar' ekulu, - bhula ntshentshe bo" which means "you who art on the flats the tinkey bird (a diminutive species of the lark) is a great strong person - go on you clever fellow".

Bhula is addressed to the next competitor who is called "ntsentshe" sarcastically, and bo is used to express and emphatic order. These words are repeated by all except that the place of *ungceda* is taken by the names of the animals named respectively by the other competitors.

ZULU SUPERSTITION ABOUT UNGCEDA

The Zulus, who are a very superstitious people, say, and they firmly believe, that if this little bird flies along and drops on or near anyone, a grasshopper carried by it, that person is doomed to meet death.

Their proverb with regard to this superstition is:— Ucilo (another name for ungceda) uyilahle kuye intete, which means he is doomed.

The Ucilo lives on grasshoppers and can often be seen flying along with a grasshopper protruding from his beak.

A Competition in Assegai Hurling

Training of the Zulu youth in the hurling of the stick and assegai. Besides the Insema stabbing competition already mentioned, the Zulu youths summoned one another to hunt for rats and cane rats. They use the izinkanji to begin with and when they get older they have made for them small bladed assegais which are roughly fixed to shaft which itself is very roughly made. One with a knowledge of these boys assegais and others which belong to older boys and men, will soon distinguish between them. The ibuzi rat and the ivondwe (cane rat) are eaten by these young people, hence they hunt for them.

Ukutyweka Imboma

This is another game played by the Zulu youths to learn precision in stabbing.

The imboma are the seeds of a large aloe and when green are easily perforatable. The youths having plucked off several of these seeds and placed them on the ground, near to one another, like a herd of animals, and each one having provided himself with a sharp-pointed stake, about three or four inches long, and about as thick as a pencil, and fixed it between his fingers ready to shoot it, by finger force, at these seeds. No. 1 shoots, then No. 2 and so on till all have had each equal turns and the game is finished. The youth who has managed to pierce and make his stake stick to most seeds is declared winner.

The effectual pierce is much like the one made in tent-pegging when the lance must bring the peg with it.

Zulu Children's Game of Playing at Salutations

Zulu	English Translation
A. Sakubona.	Good day.
B. Ngibona wena.	Good-day to you.
A. Upumapi na?	Whence do you come?
B. Kwamatyekana.	From Matyekana's kraal.
A. Ufike wadhlani na?	What did you have to [eat?
B. Isinambathi.	A kind of porridge.
A. Besingani na?	In what was it contained?
B. Ngomcengezana.	In a small dish.
A. Abantu po?	Well, as to the number of people there?
B. Musa nje! uvemvane lolu luvakatsha emagangeni.	Don't ever ask about them: the butterfly takes his constitutional on the ridges (that is there were so many people that the butterfly cleared away from near the kraal and fluttered about on the ridges).
[Wo peqe!]	And when tired sits down and keeps his wings spread out.

Propriety, Politeness and Respect

Zulu propriety, politeness and respect were proverbial in the time of the Zulu Kings, and these virtues had their fountain source at the Courts of Kings and Royalty, as is the case with the Royal family of Britain. The following proverbs arose through the fact of these virtues flowing from a Royal source: Inyati ibuzwa kwaba pambili. (The buffalo's whereabouts) is enquired for from those, i. e. dangers and pitfalls are enquired from those who are ahead. Injobo itungelwa ebandhla - literally, the *Injobo*, (one of the small pieces of skin which forms the mutsha, the male Zulu dress) is sewn into (the main piece) in an assembly, i. e. Manners are learnt in society.[1]

Kuhlonitshwa kabili :Respect begets respect etc. Juniors would never dare to address their seniors unless in reply to what the senior had first uttered and then they would have to use most respectful language.

Juniors would never dare to come into the presence and company of elders unless they were invited or brought some message in connection with some errand on which they had been sent. Elders had their meals first

and by themselves and what they left they handed to the young people with more added, and these young people had their meals by themselves. There were special parts of a slaughtered beast set aside for the men, special parts for women and special parts for the youths: what remained, however, from the table of superiors would often be given to the inferiors.

A man travelling along carrying his shield, assegais and sticks if he desired to call at a kraal, would, on coming near to that kraal bring shield, assegais and sticks into his right hand, showing peace and goodwill, then deposit them on the ground outside the outer gate of the kraal, then look about for an inmate of the kraal and ask him to announce him to the head and owner of the kraal. When he had been announced and invited in he would leave shield, assegais and sticks at the said gate, follow his guide to the quarters of the head of the kraal empty handed, and having arrived at the hut door of the said quarters he would get into a humble stooping posture and salute the said head of the kraal by some such expression: "Baba Ndwandwe wena ka Somaphunga" which means, "Father, Ndwandwe (his kraal appelation) you son of Somaphunga." The host then would say "ngena," enter, and the visitor or caller would crawl into the hut and humbly squat just inside and to one side of the entrance until addressed by the host. The host would then say "Sakubona" (Good-day), and

the caller would reply "yebo baba". The host then would ask the caller's business and a conversation would ensue, where after the host having enquired of the caller where his weapons etc. were, and having been told he (host) would call to someone to fetch them and bring them up to his hut. After further conversation a pot of beer, if any, was ordered by the host, which having been brought and first tasted by the host, would be offered to the caller. It was always the custom for the host to have a drink of the beer first to shew there was no poison in it. Business having been concluded between host and caller, the caller would utter a profusion of thanks to the host, wishing him good luck and the protection of the spirits and take leave and go. No one ever dared to call and carry about his weapons in another man's kraal. Old men and women were allowed to walk about with walking sticks.

Ibandhla is a term applied to a respectable congress of men, not a rabble.

Propitiation among the Zulus

Ukutshweleza (in Zululand)
Ukwelula (in Natal)

When there is an affray between members of various kraals resulting in damage to one of their members, even resulting death of one. The head of the kraal of the damaged or killed individual instead of prosecuting the head of the kraal of the one who caused the damage, may accept a beast or so to wipe away his tears and bring him to resume friendly communications with the family to which the individual causing the damage belongs. But before this happens, the head of the kraal of the injuring party must shew that the hurt was unmeant, and the damage is very much regretted. This was effected by the head of the kraal, that had caused the damage, going as soon as possible, to the kraal of the injured, accompanied by the one who had caused the damage, and carrying such medicines as might relieve the hurt, expressing great concern and profuse regrets, applying the medicines to the hurt and frequently thereafter calling and enquiring and offering help until the damaged individual became well or died. This action would shew that the injury was not meant and the matter was capable of a friendly settlement by a beast or two being paid in

propitiation. Otherwise the person who had caused the injury would be prosecuted, fined or killed, if the injury resulted in death, were malice and deliberations were proved, otherwise fines, in accordance with the act and result, some of the fine to the King, some to the father of the injured.

Zulu natural Kindliness

The Zulus were natures gentlemen and gentlewomen. No Zulu travelling along and meeting another, even though a stranger, would pass him by without taking notice of him and bidding him the time of day.

One would say "Sakubona", good-day, literally, we see you; the other would reply "Ngibona wena", good-day "I see you". After this they may stand and talk for a long time asking news of one another, and finding out about one another's homes etc., but, in most cases, unless hurrying on some mission, they sit down and take snuff with one another, and gradually become as friendly as old friends. They eventually find that the place they are at, is not their home, so they decide to part each his own way.

One who starts first says to the one he is leaving "Sala kahle", literally, remain well, the other replies "Hamba kahle", go well. The first one may say "Sala njalo", remain always and the second may reply by saying "Hamba njalo" — go always. The Zulu cannot make out why a white man passes another one without giving him a word.

With a Zulu it is a sign of bad breeding and unkindliness for people to pass one another without a kindly word of salutation.

Isicoco — Isicholo

Headring for men — Red top for women

The head ring for the Zulu men came into vogue in the early reign of the peacefull King Mpande's time. It was to be the badge of those who were marriageable and married, which would entitle them to go on to the Reserve Regiments of the nation — "amabuto amhlope" — the others being called "amabuto amnyama". It is made of insects nests (ungiyane) boiled up by itself till it liquifies, and then water is poured on to cool it, then it is ground fine together with unboiled ungiyane and then it is laid over what they call uqondo which is a ring made of fibre and sewn onto the hair.

The red top the women wear (isicholo) on the head was arranged for the same purpose for women.

The Crab-Pond

In the reign of the cruel King Tshaka, there lived a poor woman in Zululand, who had six daughters, but no sons, at least this is how the story goes, and so far, there seems no reason to doubt it. She was greatly distressed at this, as the fate of these girls might be a sad one later on, Tshaka being in the habit of taking any pretty girl who took his fancy, as one of his wives, and then killing her before she had any children. He did not wish a son to be born to him, for fear it should usurp his throne when it grew to manhood. No wonder then, that this poor mother wished she had sons who could fight for the king, rather than daughters.

Then suddenly she remembered something that one of her friends had told her some time back, and which at the moment she had only laughed at; now in her despair she thought there could be no harm in trying; — "Send them all to bathe in the crab-pond, and when they come out they will be turned into boys." This was the advice the friend had given her, so she said to herself, "Quite a grand idea, maybe there really is a charm about the pond, it is worth while to give it a trial, and who knows but that I may be able to save my dear girls?" So she called them all together, and said, "My children, you

are growing too pretty, I fear the King will take you from me. I have heard of a way by which you may all be changed into boys". The girls were quite excited at the prospect, and wished to carry out the plan at once. "Well go now," said their mother, "and have a good swim in the crab-pond — never mind the crabs — they will not hurt you. They have a magic charm which you will soon discover." "All right, Mother," answered the girls. "Now be off at once, and do not be in too great a hurry to get out of the pond," said the Mother, and off they all ran in high glee. The pond looked quite a common one, but in one corner there was a curious bubbling going on, this made them feel a little creepy, but in they all plunged, and began to swim and dive, having a very good time of it. Now and again one would cry out, "Something bit my toes" then they would laugh, till there was another scream, then another, till presently all gave a scream together. This became too much for their feelings, and the water was now bubbling all round them, it began to look quite dangerous, and they thought they had had enough of the bubbling and nipping to turn them into anything imaginable, so out they jumped, put on their girdles, and ran home. The mother came out to meet them and was delighted to find she now had boys instead of girls. No more anxiety about their future now. How grateful she felt to the crabs! Daily she sang the praises of the my-

sterious pond and its inhabitants, calling them by every flattering name she could think of.

Even now one hears girls told to go and get bitten by a crab, but of course this is only a joke at the expense of those who are dissatisfied with their lot.

SECOND PART

ZULU CUSTOMS AND FOLK-LORE

BY

L. H. SAMUELSON

(NOMLETI)

Preface

It is hoped that the following short stories, which the writer has endeavoured to tell in the simplest language, will give some idea of the inner feelings and belief of a people whose individuality is, despite the number of years we have been in contact with them, little known to the large majority of us. Even among those well versed in the language and the practical or legal customs of the natives, there are few who are acquainted with the undercurrents of thought, and the many traditions and superstitions, which are accepted without question by the Zulus, and which form an essential part of the mental life of all among them who have not had their ideas modified to some extent

by European teaching, and which continue to have a strong hold upon the larger number even of those who have had the advantages of some kind of education at the hands of the missionaries and other teachers. The common estimate of the African native is that he is a being with no ideas above his cattle and his physical wants; but a more intimate acquaintance with their life, such as the writer had from being amongst them for many years at her father's mission station in Zululand, will reveal that the native has an ideal life of his own. This, it is true, is in many instances of a crude and savage character; yet it rises a little, if only a little, above what is "of the earth, earthly," and, though it may possibly provoke a smile on account of its crudeness or simplicity, it will at times strike a chord of sympathy as a touch of nature — as an aspiration,

however feeble, to penetrate beyond the veil which hides the unseen world from human eyes.

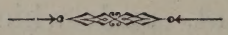
Those who have made the folk-lore of savage or half-civilized peoples their study cannot fail to be struck with the strange analogy between some of the superstitions of the Zulus and those of many other nations. Vague and undefined as some of their native ideas are, there is still a belief in the existence of a spirit world around them by which their lives are affected, and a groping after a knowledge of influences beyond human power, which direct the destinies of mortal man, and of mysterious forces which can be brought into play by men peculiarly gifted. In their custom of sacrificing to the spirits, to induce them to restore the health of a patient, and their belief in the powers of wizards, we find them under the thraldom

of the same superstitions which have become familiar to us in so many and such diverse directions—from the ancient Greeks to the modern spiritualists—and which have at times played so great a part in the history of the world. Their belief in the "spirits of their fathers" watching over them is similar to the idea underlying Chinese ancestral worship, and the wizard's powers of killing or injuring do not differ in essentials from the so-called spirit healing of enlightened America or the working of the "evil eye" still believed in by the ignorant among the peasantry of Italy. If, therefore, in reading of the Zulu superstitions we are provoked at times to smile, it must be rather at the form than at the substance. The superstitions are the same that have ever existed, and that, despite all our advancement, still find adherents among civilized

communities, though among these they are expressed in more delicate language and acted upon in less savage ways. With the large mass of Europeans such superstitions, thanks to modern enlightenment, are taken at their true value; but so long as there are among ourselves people who believe in planchettes, we cannot quite afford to look with supercilious contempt upon the African who believes in wizards. And there is one point of view in which a knowledge of what he believes is of material importance. To him, these superstitions are realities. He accepts them as facts of which he has to take account, and which will be acted upon by the society in which his lot is cast. To estimate his true character, and form any accurate idea of the manner in which his mind will work, some knowledge not only of his customs but also of his

social habits and beliefs is thus essential.

The author therefore trusts that the present small work may prove not only of some scholastic value, but may also be of practical use to the missionary, the administrator, and, indeed, to all who come into contact with the little understood "Native", or who are interested in his progress and well-being.



The Author of these sketches is deeply indebted to Miss A. Werner for the pains she took to introduce a few of them, through the "Journal of the African Society," to the notice of many of those gentlemen who, having held the highest positions in South Africa, or been in supreme power over the Zulu Nation, know how important it is that those who hold the destinies of this interesting people in their hands should understand as much as possible of the bias of their minds and the springs of their conduct. But for their generous expression of this opinion, it is doubtful whether this little volume would ever have struggled to the light. To them she is profoundly grateful, as she is also to those whose ready support has enabled her to bring her venture to a successful issue. She wishes also to acknowledge the valuable assistance received from the ex-President of the Folk-lore Society and the Secretaries of the Royal Colonial Institute and the African Society.

NOTE.

The valuable footnotes signed "Ed." are taken by permission from Miss Werner's Paper in the "Journal of the African Society".

Umtimba

A Zulu Wedding

There is much ceremony connected with a heathen Zulu wedding. A month or more before the time the bridegroom-elect has to compose a song to be sung by him and his party. Then he invites all the young men in the neighbourhood to come and learn it; he also composes a tune to suit it, which they all have to practise singing together, whilst dancing and manœuvring about, beating time with their feet. All his sisters, with their friends, join in as well. The song is generally made up of a very few words, something like a round in three or four parts. Here is one, for example: —

"Kusiqingile. Sesipiwe amabosho." (We are in a fix. We are now supplied with cartridges.)

I was once present at a wedding where the following was sung: "Wen 'obem' ugwai, Kauseikufa ini?" (You who take snuff. Will you never die?) This was the bridegroom's song. He had managed to set it to quite a nice tune, and it went with a swing, the men keeping time beautifully with their feet, and flourishing their sticks in the air.

The bride-elect, too, has to go through the same preparations a month beforehand. She composes her song, and makes a tune for it,

then all her friends have to come and learn it. The afternoons are generally set apart for this, and nice moonlight nights, when they can keep it up till the small hours of the morning. The words of the song may be: "Yek' ubugontshi! Ngashiy' umame." (What trouble! I left mother.) Or, "Kuya ngotando. Ngishiy' abakwetu." (It is my choice. I left my people.) After the day has been fixed for the Umtimba and everything is ready for it, the father sends two cows on ahead the day before, to be put for the bride in the cattle kraal of her future home. This is a sign that she will be leaving her home in the afternoon with her "udwendwe" (bridesmaids and party); and a hut is then prepared at once to receive them when they arrive in the evening — the eve of her wedding day. When the udwendwe reaches the kraal, a great noise of singing and clapping of hands is heard, this being the signal of their arrival. Most girls carry small stones in their hands so as to make a louder noice. Clapping at the gate, they are met by someone who invites them to enter, and leads the way to the hut prepared for them. In this hut they sit up all night, singing and talking, until about dawn, when they make a move towards a bush, chosen in the neighbourhood, where they settle down to breakfast. In this place they spend the greater part of the forenoon, cooking and feasting. Meat and beer is sent to them from the bride's future home. At about 8 in the morning the first messenger is sent by the bridegroom to invite the bride

to come up; but he doesn't return, nor is he expected to do otherwise than remain there, for this is a part of the marriage ceremony. The bridegroom again sends another massenger with the same message; he also remains, and others are sent again soon after. This goes on till there are about forty or fifty men sent off to fetch the bride and party. Lastly a beast is sent down, and that makes the bride think it is about time she prepared to move. She then begins to put on her bridal ornaments, which consist chiefly of a new skin skirt, made of an ox-hide, well greased and perfumed with "amaka," white ox tails on her arms and wrists, white and green beads (buma) round her neck, waist and ankles, sakabula feathers (Umnyakanya) on her head - a veil of beads (Imvakaza) over her face, and a knife or an assegai in her hand, to flourish about whilst dancing. When the bridesmaids have finished assisting her they put on their finery; then they surround the bride and screen her with mats, so that no one can possibly see her before she appears before her future husband, whose part it is to see her first. She is thus carefully hidden all the way, but now and then she puts up her knife just to show whereabouts in the crowd she is The bridegroom is generally found seated with some of his best friends on the ground in the cattle kraal or outside it, and the bride is brought before him in this fashion. When very near, the crowd falls back and the maids are allowed to come forward with their screened-up treasure, which is unveiled

before him by drawing aside the mats. She kneels down and whispers the usual few words into his ears, which are: "Sengefikile. Ungipate kahle. Ungilahle nami sengiyakukulahla." (I have now come. You'll treat me well. You'll bury me and I'll bury you.) To which he answers: "Kulungile pela nawe ungipate kahle." (Agreed. You treat me well too.) After this the maids have their say (pela nawe), warning him to treat her kindly and lovingly or he may live to suffer for it, &c. They may say anything to him at this time. Then the old women come forward dancing in and out amongst the girls. They carry a mealie cob stuck on the point of an assagai. This they flourish about in the air for luck and prosperity. While this is going on the bridegroom and party hurry off to deck themselves out in their finery. This is always done after the bride has arrived. He wears a grand umutsha (kilt), made of cowhide and skin of an intsimangu (monkey), also white ox tails round his legs and arms, isaka (head ornament) of sakabula (long-tailed finch) feathers on his head, and he carries a knobkerrie and courting shield in his hand. If he is an ikehla (man with ring on his head) he has to wear a neat little isiqova (tuft) on his forehead, made of pretty feathers, and a longer one at the back of his head.

When the bridegroom comes forward again with all his escort the dancing begins in earnest. His song is then rendered for the admiration of the bridal party and visitors. They go on dancing and singing it till they are

fairly exhausted; then they sit down and rest, while the bride, assisted by her maids, goes through her song in all its charming variations, the old women manœuvring in and out of the crowd with the most graceful movements imaginable. When the bride has finished her part, the bridegroom comes in again with his, and they sing and dance together until dusk, when all the people return to their homes. Beer only is provided on that day—nothing else.

The next day the wedding feast takes place; this is called "Ukuqolisa" (breakfast or reception). Only relations and invited guests join in this. The bride on this day gives away all her girlish ornaments of beads, &c., to her sisters and her husband's sisters. She puts all the necklaces in a vessel and pours water over them, then takes them out, one by one, and throws them on the girls. This is the way she gives them away.

On the third day the final part of the ceremony takes place. The bride has to try to run back to her home, with a child on her back belonging to her new home, for there are often several families in one kraal. If she is a good runner and manages to get there without being caught she wins a cow; but this is a very difficult thing to do, for she is carefully watched, and the weight of the child on her back is a great hindrance. If she is lucky enough to win the prize her husband has to give it, to bring her back again, and that adds to the number of the lobola (dowry) cattle.

How Twins were treated

Zulus used to consider it unlucky to have twins, and worse still to have triplets. The latter were always thought to be monkeys, and killed as soon as they were born. Only one of the former was allowed to live. Sometimes parents found it difficult to decide which one to keep, although the rule was to kill the younger of the two. The greatest difficulty arose when the youngest one happened to be a girl; for by killing her a fortune was lost — it meant losing ten or twenty head of cattle.

Once a Zulu woman was in a difficulty of this kind. She had two lovely black babes, and loved both dearly, so she made up her mind to break the rule and keep them. But she and her husband suffered severely for it. They were continually reminded of having dared to break the rule of their country, and at last, when the twins were ten years old, and looked handsome and promising, their superstitious and envious neighbours threatened to report it to King Mpande. The parents' hearts sank within them, so they decided to take the boy to a mission station near, and offer him to "The Great-great-one", meaning God. He was accepted and taught. In time he became a Christian. His parents often went to see him, and his sister brought him presents of mealies and sweet potatoes. Five

or six years went by, but still the fact that the old man had spared his son was not forgotten. At last the threat was carried out. He was reported at headquarters, and accused of being a wizard as well, because he was lucky in whatever he undertook. He and his five wives were very industrious; they always planted large patches of mealies, kafir corn (mabele), pumpkins, and sweet potatoes, so that they often had plenty of food and to spare when others were hard up. They were given to hospitality, and always pleased to help those in need, so it seemed rather strange that they had enemies. They had ten nice young daughters who could sing and dance well, and about the same number of sons, who were good hunters and kept them supplied with game. The chief men of that district were very jealous of this wealthy old farmer, and advised the king to do away with him and take his property. The king gave his consent, and almost immediately a band of men were told off to go and kill him, and to bring back his cattle and daughters. A company of the famous old "Ndhlondhlo" regiment set off, well armed with assagais, knobkerries, and shields. As they went along they flourished their weapons in the air with great pride. It was a good two days' journey they had to take, to this place in the thorn country. They arrived there about the middle of the second night and halting a few yards away, surrounded the kraal and lay down to rest in the high grass till dawn. As soon as it was light they got up

and closed in round the kraal. The two men who were best acquainted with the owner, and who had often visited him, went up to the chief hut to inquire if he was stirring, for they said they were out hunting rather early, and would be grateful for a pinch of snuff to freshen them up a little. The kind old man, desirous to please as usual, opened the door of his hut at once and came out with his snuff-box. While he was in the act of giving them some, a volley was discharged at him, and he fell down dead on the spot. Women and children came running out in confusion from all the other huts to see what was the matter; then two of the chief women were also killed. The other three were left to bury their husband, which they were soon made to do, being ordered to carry him off and throw him into a donga. The mealie pits were opened and destroyed. Then two fine beasts were butchered for breakfast. The men had rather more than they could eat, so they invited the girls to make a good meal, for they had a two days' journey before them to the king's kraal. The girls answered, "You invite us to eat while our parents' blood is still fresh on the ground! We will not eat. Would that we could die too, and escape being made slaves to the king who has ruined our happy home. Oh! ye spirits of our ancestors, pity us and take us out of this cruel misery!"

The twin boy, having heard in the early hours of the morning the fate of his people, hid in a cupboard at the mission house. He

was called for, but he was nowhere to be found. The mission house was searched through and through, but fortunately no one thought he might be in the cupboard. When they had satisfied themselves that he was not there, they went off with the girls. It was pitiful to hear their cries. The men had no mercy, but went along joking and praising themselves for having managed so remarkably well. Such was life in Zululand before the Zulu war!

Soon after this affair another Zulu woman had twin girls, and the parents, having learnt a sad lesson, determined to observe the custom of their country. The younger one was killed, although she looked the healtheir and finer. She was left to starve to death in a cold corner of the hut, while the other one was cuddled up and kept warm and fed. Strange to say, the chosen one pined and died a fortnight later, and the mother regretted not having kept the younger.

This custom is no longer observed. It is now considered lucky to have twins, especially if they are girls; for it means twenty head of cattle for the family at her marriage.

"Ukugodusa"

Sending Home

There are many, no doubt, who know of the old cruel Zulu custom of "Ukugodusa" (sending home), *i. e.*, doing away with the aged people. If a man was too old and feeble to go to the king's kraal occasionally, and join his regiment whenever called out, the king would pick out a troop of men and say, "Hamba niye kum'godusa" – meaning "go and send him home." Then this troop of men would travel miles away to the man's kraal, taking good care to get there by night, and to surround it, so as to pounce upon the poor old fellow as soon as he came out of his hut in the morning, and take him away to bury alive or otherwise kill him. The victim simply had to go away obediently, knowing it was the king's order, as well as the custom of his country. So all Zulu men, old and young, used to make a point of meeting at the king's kraal, "Komkulu" (at the great one's), especially at Christmas time, to show that they were still of service. If through illness they had to stay at home, and it could be proved that they were indisposed, the king excused them; but they were most careful not to let it happen again.

When women became helpless, and needed looking after, they, too, had to be "sent home," and that was done by their own people. Even their own sons would order it to be done, and assist in the cruel performance. Here is one example of it. Once, two sons, wanting to get rid of their aged mother, tempted her out for a long walk to some dongas (dry watercourses with deep holes in the banks). (Zulu.) They took her to the deepest one and pushed her into it. The poor old creature hurt her ankle very badly, and could not get out again. She was in that donga two days and two nights, without food or a drop of water to drink. Maddened by hunger she made a despairing effort to scramble out, and fortunately managed it at last. Once on the level she found some wild berries and fruit, of which she made a good meal. This gave her a little strength to decide on her next move. Not daring to venture anywhere near her home again, she took a long journey to a mission station, and there begged to be taken in. The missionary and his family were very good to her, and gave her a home and taught her. In time she became a Christian, and it was most touching to hear her saying her prayers early in the morning. She prayed most earnestly for her sons who had forsaken her.

Another old woman was daily threatened to be "sent home," but a certain missionary's wife and daughters who used to visit the kraal begged that she should be spared. They

took her some covering occasionally, for she was helpless and often would sleep too near the fireplace and burn her blankets. Years went on in this way, until the missionary family had to take a trip to Durban to get supplies for the year. Then the mischief was done. On their return, great was their distress at finding the old woman no more. Her people had taken her to a very deep ant-bear hole and made her go in. Before obeying she meekly asked for a last pinch of snuff, which they could not deny her. She sat down to take her snuff, then stepped into the ant-bear hole. They filled it up with earth and buried her alive.

"Ukugodusa," one is thankful to know, is out of date now, as well as illegal.

Another Instance in which the "Ukugodusa" Custom was carried out

I feel that it would, perhaps, be wise to give one more proof to show that the above was a real custom amongst the Zulus, even as lately as in the days of King Cetshwayo. A poor old woman named Madokodo was another victim, besides Mfoto whom I mentioned before. Sometime in the beginning of 1869 Madokodo, on account of her old age, was thrown into a donga, or pit, by one of her sons and his friends, to get her out of the way, or send her home (godusa), as this was called. The poor old body was not in her second childhood (as Mfoto was), but was healthy

and strong. She was in this pit for a few days, trying to get out, but kept falling back again. When night came she was in terror of the wolves and tigers which were prowling about the place; but she knew there was a Great God above, and she prayed for His protection. At last she managed to scrape a few holes in the donga with her finger nails, and made steps to climb up by, and the Great Almighty (Usomandhla) gave her strength to get out. Then she went to a great friend of hers, who fed her and kept her in a secret corner of her kraal until she got over her shock and became strong again. Madokodo then went to one of her other sons by night, and he was much pleased as well as surprised to see his mother alive; but, fearing the elder and cruel brother might find her and try to carry out this cruel custom again, he thought it best not to keep her with him long, so he proposed taking her to a mission station and giving her to the missionary. The mother agreed to this, and the two went off together, travelling a good many miles till they reached St. Paul's Mission Station, the missionary there being my father, Rev. S. M. Samuelson. Arriving at the door of our house, poor old Madokodo, lame and footsore, called out in a pleading voice, "Ngitola Baba," "Ngitola Nkosi Yami!" which means, "Adopt me, Father," "Adopt me, my Master." My father inquired into the matter, and all was related, her loving son supporting her. Nothing could be done but to save the poor old soul from future trouble, and to try to win her for

Christ's Kingdom. My father took her under his care on August 13th, 1869, and the son took leave of his mother and returned home again. Madokodo slept in the kitchen, and my mother took great interest in her, for she was very intelligent, industrious and tidy. After a while Madokodo expressed a wish to join the Catechumen class, and be prepared for Baptism. She was very earnest; for early in the morning, just about sunrise, we children heard her deep, pleading voice in prayer whilst we were still in our beds, "Baba wami Opezulu, ovele wa ngibheka, osangibhekile namanje, ngitola Mdali wami, tola nabanta bami, utetelele nalo ongilahlileyo!" ("My Father above, Thou Who hast taken care of me from the very first, and Who art still caring for me, adopt me, my Creator, adopt also my children, and forgive the one who has thrown me away.") Then she would always finish with "The Lord's Prayer," which she had by then learnt. At the end of eight months she was baptized, and received the name Eva. She was, I believe, the first old woman who became a Christian at St. Paul's, and she was very happy after that, and helped in the mission work by setting an excellent example to the younger converts. News of the aged woman's convertion and baptism spread all over the country like wildfire, for Zulus, as a rule, are great news carriers. Her wicked son heard of it, for he had hoped she had reached her destination long ago, as he had "sent her home." The middle-aged people bore her a

grudge on account of her having become a Christian at her age, and, fearing others might do the same, clubbed together and made plans to get her out of the way; so they accused her of witchcraft and reported her to King Cetshwayo. Eva at this time had had someone to help to build her a small hut, and she was cutting some high grass (tambootie) near a certain kraal, with which to thatch it. Meanwhile, illness (influenza colds) breaking out at this kraal, poor old Eva was accused of having caused this. The King, through his Prime Minister, Mnyamana, granted permission to have her killed.[1] On the 4th of June, 1870 (Trinity Sunday), as we were just coming out of church, we were surprised by a large party of men (thirty in number) meeting us outside the church door, armed with assagais and knobkerries, with a demand from the King that Eva should be handed over to them to be killed! Eva ran to her protector (my father), calling out, "Save me, save me!" and caught hold of him round the waist, and the men pulling her away by force nearly tore his coat tails off. Then my younger brother Robert (R. C. Samuelson) interfered, and took hold of the woman, calling out, "Muyeke bo!" (leave her); then one man, indignant with this interference, lifted up his knobkerrie over Robert's head, shouting: "Ngase ngiliqumuze ikanda kona manje" (I will break your skull this moment); then, of course, the poor woman had to go. She was driven by these thirty men six miles into the thorn country to river called Idango, near the Umhlatuzi river. We

sat on the mountain, all of us, watching the long procession, Eva leading, the row of cruel humanity following in a long string. We watched and prayed broken-hearted, for we all loved poor old Eva; but it was a comfort to know she was a Christian! At last when we could see them no more we returned home, too dispirited to dine that day. In the evening someone told us she had met her fate bravely. As she went along she prayed to be received in the Heavenly Home of rest, where all unkindness and cruelty will end! At Idango river they drove her to a very big pond, where crocodiles were often seen; there they lifted up their kerries to brain her. She then said, "Ngogoduka *impela* namhla!" ("I will, of a surety (indeed), go home to-day!") They then killed her and threw her into the pond for the crocodiles to eat.

Such was life in Zululand before the Zulu war. And yet on the whole things had, in a way, improved since Tshaka's and Dingane's days. The life of a missionary with his family was not at all an enviable one, although the natives had great respect for them, knowing as they did that they lived in their country as friends and messengers of the Gospel. They liked the missionary, although they objected to his religion.

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[1] This was very doubtful, for he had always treated Father kindly.

Departed Spirits

The Zulus have a belief in the re-embodiment of departed spirits. Of this I remember having a practical illustration when, as a child, I was travelling about their country with my mother. We were about to visit a chief named Mqayikana. His kraal was close to the road, and as we were passing it we saw a nasty looking green snake. I picked up a stone and threw it at the reptile. In a moment a number of natives ran up and, seeing the snake, called out: "Leave it alone. It is the spirit of Mqayikana's father which has come to visit us. We killed a fat beast as an offering to it to-day, and prayed that it might come and taste the meat. For our chief Mqayikana is very ill, and we want to induce his father not to call him away just yet." I was young, and possibly a little indiscreet in those days, and replied: "Nonsense! The snake is an accursed creature, and ought never to be spared," and I threw another stone at it, just bruising its tail. "Stop! Stop! or you will suffer for it. As it is, your white skin alone has saved you. If you had been black you would never eat corn any more. You would have to die the death!" Seeing that the men were in earnest and really excited, I thought it best to leave the snake alone. Had I not done so I might have been smelt out as a witch later on if anything had

happened to Mqayikana. We sent the chief a small peaceoffering in the shape of a packet of sugar, apologising for my unintentional rudeness to his father's ghost, and I am glad to say he proved himself not only forgiving but friendly, sending us a fine sheep, and even inviting us to come and take a pinch of snuff with him—a token of friendship among the Zulus; but we, perhaps not imprudently, begged to be excused.

Ukuhlabis' Amadhlozi

Sacrificing to Spirits

The heathen Zulus still keep up this custom, chiefly in times of illness and death. The phrase means slaughtering cattle for departed ancestors, whose spirits appear in the form of a certain snake, which they hold sacred. It is called "Inyandezulu," and its colour is green with brown under the belly. No native in old days would have dared to kill this snake, for he would have been punished by death. If any one is taken seriously ill at a kraal, the doctor, who is sent for immediately, after having examined his patient orders the relations to make a sacrifice to the "Amadhlozi" (spirits), and pray for the recovery of the invalid. Then a beast has to be chosen from the herd for the purpose, or a sheep or goat from the flock. While the animal is being slaughtered, the chief man calls on the "Amadhlozi," saying, "Watch over us, O ye spirits of our fathers, I implore! Take not this our child away from us yet. Here we are slaughtering this for you. Come into the hut to-night and feast on it, I pray. Then let your anger be turned from us, and let us keep our child. Oh! look on us with pity, and hear us!" After that the slaughtered animal is cut up in pieces and hung up in a hut; even the blood is put there in an

earthen vessel. A dish of water is also taken in and placed on the floor, and a snuff box full of snuff beside it. They firmly believe that the "Idhlozi" comes in at night, has a wash, a pinch of snuff, and a taste of the meat and blood, and then returns into its hole again in a more forgiving mood. When the hut is entered in the morning nothing is seen of the "Idhlozi," not even any marks on the meat to show that it has tasted it at all, still they firmly believe the hut has been visited. The "usu" (paunch) is then taken out and given to the doctor for medical use. He has it boiled together with herbs and medicines, then he steams his patient with the mixture, and administers some of it inwardly. The "insonyama" (right flank) is then cooked for the invalid, and he has to have a piece of it to eat every day as long as it is good. It is hung up in his hut, and there it hangs till it is quite high. It is looked upon as a charm. The rest of the meat can be eaten by the members of the kraal after it has been kept over night in the hut for the "Idhlozi" (spirit). Another beast has to be killed for the doctor's special use while attending his patient. If the patient dies, an "Umtakati" (wizard) is blamed for it, and an "Umgoma" (witch doctor) is at once engaged to find him out. The doctor has nothing to do with that. He receives his fee and goes home. Soon after he leaves, the burial takes place privately. No outsiders are allowed to be present. The corpse is made to sit up, and tied in this posture. It is taken out to the grave, which is dug outside the hut,

and seated in it. A stone is placed on the head to steady it, and all the deceased's possessions, clothing, mats, blankets, etc., are brought out and put into the grave—no one dares to keep any of them, for they are superstitious about it, believing that to use them would cause more deaths. There is no ceremony over the grave. Soon after it has been filled in, a mass of thorny bushes is stuck over it to keep "Abatakati" (wizards) from taking the body out to use in killing others. People then come in great numbers all round the kraal, crying out as loud as they can, "Maye babo! wafa wen 'owakiti" ("Woe, father! you died, you of our house"). They don't speak to the mourners that day, but return home after having had a good cry. All the relations who were at the funeral hurry off to the river soon after it is over to have a bathe. When they return, another beast is killed as a sacrifice to the "Idhlozi," with earnest prayers for the safety of the rest of the family. While it is being kept in the hut for the "Idhlozi" to taste, all the members of that kraal have to chew medicines before partaking of anything, even a pinch of snuff. These medicines are used as a preventive against death.

The natives mourn in this way. They throw aside all their ornaments for at least two months. They also have their heads shaved. They do not, as a rule, go out visiting during the two months of mourning, and they are not expected to go to dances or any festi-

vities. They keep at home quietly. Absent relatives are all expected to come home for a couple of days to take medicine, and the comforting doctor comes with some of a soothing character. After ten days are over, visitors may come to "kala" (sympathize). They come quietly into the house of mourning, and sit down mute with their heads bent low for some time, and with arms crossed over the shoulders. At last a feeble voice is heard to say "Sanibona" ("We see you"): they answer, "Haw! sikubona ngapi ufelwe nje. Siya kala wena wakiti!" (Oh! how do we see you having lost. We sympathize with you"). The visitors sit about an hour or two in the same position, quietly, as no conversation is permitted on such an occasion. They then go out without saying a word of farewell, only casting sad looks towards the mourners. During the two months of mourning a smelling out Doctor is engaged to find out the witch or wizard, and the way this is done will be seen in the "Ingoboco" (Chief Witch Doctor) story. Any one not calling to "kala" after the tenth day is at once suspected as "Umtakati." So all make a point of showing themselves. Still the majority of them go out of kindness, for they do possess true and sympathizing hearts.

Customs and Usages at the Death of a Zulu Chief or Head of a Kraal

As soon as a man holding the position of chief, or head of a kraal, is dead, the corpse is placed in a sitting posture with the back to the central post of his hut, the limbs being doubled up and tied together. A messenger is then sent out to call all the wives and friends of the deceased, and they, being collected in one place, set up a loud wailing, sufficient one would say to "waken the dead." The next thing is to separate the cows from their calves, so that they also make a most deafening noise, the calves lowing for their mothers, the cows lowing for their calves.

The first outburst of grief having subsided, the sons and friends proceed to dig the grave. The eldest son begins first, as, according to native belief, the ground will then soften and yield more easily to the other diggers. He then hands on the hoe, which is the digging tool most generally used, to the son who is next in importance to himself, and so it is passed on in rotation till the grave is ready. The eldest son (inkosana), after doing his part, takes the barbed assegai which belonged to

his father as head of house, and stands holding it with the point to the ground until the work of digging is finished. A barbed assagai is handed down from generation to generation in native families, the holder being always the chief or head of the family or the acknowledged heir and successor, and in cases of disputed succession it is of the greatest importance to ascertain who held the assagai at the grave, and who began the digging, as well as who is the present possessor of the assagai.

After the hole has been dug stones are placed in the grave for the body to be seated on, and it is set there by one of the sons of the chief wife, the man whose right it is to do this holding an important position on the right-hand side of the kraal.

When the grave has been filled in, the relations and friends go through the "ukugeza" or cleansing ceremony, taking a small portion of a powder made of three kinds of bitter roots. Through the taking of this powder it is supposed that death will be averted from the friends of the deceased, and that any ill effects which might arise from his death will be prevented. After this they all go down to the river and bathe, and the wailing is over.

They then go into mourning for periods of time which vary from a few weeks to a whole year, according to the rank of the person mourned.

The Wife, children, and nearest relations show their mourning by allowing their hair to

grow long. When the appointed time is over all the family and friends are again assembled and, the doctor being in attendance, a goat is killed, this being essential in the latest stage of the ceremonies. A decoction of bitter roots is made, and the gall of the goat emptied into it. The whole is then worked up into a froth, whilst the spirit of the dead man is called upon to take care of his children and to supply all their needs. Some of the mixture is sprinkled upon those who are present, the young people cut their hair short, and the old ones shave their heads; a bathe in the river follows, and the mourning is over.

When the head of a kraal dies, the whole kraal is removed to a fresh site. It must, however, remain for a year if he was a king or an hereditary chief, because in that case he would be buried there, and his grave must be carefully guarded against witches for that space of time.

The graves of the kings in the Zulu country have always been watched, a kraal being erected near for the purpose. Should it happen that the inkosikazi (chief wife) has had no male issue, the head of the family can, on the marriage of his eldest daughter, use the ukulobola cattle received for her to buy a wife for himself or for some of his sons, and thus raise up male issue to be heirs to such head man's principal house.

Inkata

Before giving a description of an Inkata I must explain that it is not at all the same thing as the ordinary grass pad for supporting burthens on the head which goes by that name.[1] The Inkata now described is a larger thing, made of certain fibres which are very strong and binding. The doctor specially deputed to make it knows exactly what fibres to use. He makes it in secret, sprinkles it with various concoctions, and finally winds the skin of a python round it, as this reptile is considered the most powerful of animals, coiling itself round its prey and squeezing it to death, as it does. When the Inkata is finished all the full-grown men as well as the principal women of the tribe are summoned, and are sprinkled and given powders of various dried herbs to swallow. The men then go down to a river and drink certain mixtures, bathe in the river, and return to the kraal where the Inkata is made. They are then sprinkled a second time, and return to their homes.

After this the Inkata is handed over by the doctor to the chief's principal wife, and entrusted to her and to two or three others, to be withdrawn from the common gaze. It is taken great care of and passed on from generation to generation as part of the chief's

regalia. The Inkata is looked upon as the good spirit of the tribe, binding all together in one, and attracting back any deserter.

The king or chief uses it on all great occasions —more especially on those of a civil nature. For instance, when a new chief is taking up the reins of government, the Inkata is brought out of its hiding-place, a circle is formed by the tribe, and it is placed on the ground in the centre. The new chief then, holding his father's weapons, stands on the Inkata while he is being proclaimed by his people. After this it is carefully put away again.

In case of the king being taken ill the doctor seats him on the Inkata while he is "treating" him (elapa). It is also used in a variety of other royal ceremonies, and is looked upon as more sacred than the English Crown. It is, in fact, the guardian spirit or totem of a Zulu tribe. Yet, strange to say, it appears that nothing was known to the Judges of the Native High Court as to the existence of the Inkata, in a very important case [2] not long since tried there, when it was what might be termed the very essence of the case, and possibly injustice resulted from this ignorance of native laws and customs.

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[1] The word seems to be almost universal in the Bantu languages:—Nyanja, nkata; Luganda, enkata; Swahili, kata; Suto, khare. What is most curious is that, so far away as the Gold Coast we find an indication of ceremonial usages connected with

this article. See the Journal of the African Society for July, 1908, p. 407. The Fanti word for it is ekar, which may be a merely accidental resemblance, or may point to a fundamental identity of roots in the West African and the Bantu languages.

Possibly the root idea of -kata is "something coiled or rolled up," and this may be the only connection between the heap-pad and the charm. The Baronga (Delagoa Bay) have a similar tribal talisman called mhamba, which is a set of balls, each containing the nail-parings and hair of a deceased chief, kneaded up with the dung of the cattle slaughtered at his funeral, and no doubt some kind of pitch to give it consistency. These balls are then enclosed in plaited leather thongs. The custom of thus preserving relics of dead chiefs is found elsewhere: the Cambridge Ethnological Museum possesses a set of the "regalia" of Unyoro, which would come under the same category.—Ed.

[2] Rex *v.* Tshingumuzi, Mbopeyana, and Mbombo. 1909.

The Zulu annual Feast

This feast was always arranged to take place at about Christmas time. Men of all ages were requested to go; even young boys had to appear at it from all parts of Zululand. Those who were missed at this great gathering, and who were reported as being too aged to take the long journey, were ordered to be "sent home" by the king. Everyone had to bring his ornaments to adorn his person, and deck himself out suitably. These ornaments consisted of different coloured ox tails, feathers, and beads. Those who had distinguished themselves in battle wore horns of bravery besides, and certain kinds of roots round their necks. They also had to take food with them—enough to last for a week or longer—for the gathering always lasted four days at the least, and most of the people had to take long journeys to get to it. There were four different ceremonies to go through at that time in connection with "Ukunyatela" (feast of first fruits), and "Umkosi" (the feast). On the first day the ceremony of strangling a black bull and pulling it to pieces by mere force was performed. Mbonambi, the best and strongest regiment, was picked out to do this. Sometimes the black bull picked out for the purpose would happen to be grazing by the river, and the poor beast had to be attacked and pulled to pieces there; or some-

times it would take place in the king's cattle kraal, and he would be present looking on. If done by the river side, all parts of the ox had to be carried home and placed before the king, so that he could see that it had been done without the assistance of knives, choppers or assagais. The beef was not to be eaten on any account. The next to handle it were the doctors. They brought a mixture of all sorts of medicines with which to smear the meat; but the king must have a dose of it first. This was to give him a brave and cruel heart. When the king had taken his dose, the doctors used their mixed medicines to smear over all the beef and prepare it for roasting. Meanwhile the king's regiment, the Ingobamakosi (bend or humble), was busy getting wood to use for the purpose. This was supposed to be a great honour, and the king would pick a regiment specially for it. The doctors finished their allotted task and the Ingobamakosi arrived with the wood. They then cut strips of beef and roasted it until it was black. This was done by the Ingobamakosi at the last feast before the Zulu war. For, being the king's favourite regiment, he granted them more privileges than all the other regiments put together, and they were greatly envied on that account. It was galling to the rest that this young and proud corps was picked to roast the daubed beef! for it gave them the right to have the first taste of the medicines after the king. If they went to battle, these would give them courage and make them fight to the last.

They would never think of retreating. The men did not take the medicines in the same manner as the king. An officer would take a strip of roasted meat, bite a small piece off, suck the juice and swallow that only, spitting the meat out again, then pass the rest of the meat on to his men, and they would do the same. Then all the other regiments would follow suit. The meat was not passed in at all a polite way; it was simply tossed up high into the air, and the next one had to catch it, take a bite, and toss it up again. After this the bones and horns of the beast had to be burnt to to cinders. During these four days all the young lads old enough to join a corps had to "kreza." This is to draw the milk into their mouths and drink it warm, preparing themselves thereby to be made into a corps. The king would meanwhile choose a fitting name for the new regiment.

A month before the feast the king generally sent a party of four men and two boys to the beach to look for a certain vegetable marrow growing near the sea. This species grows wild there, and has never been cultivated. Sometimes the marrow would be ready to pick early in the season and sometimes late; and the time to begin the annual feast greatly depended upon this. They could not commence operations without knowing that the vegetable was ready, for it had to be used on the second day. Therefore the party sent off in search of it had to stay on the coast untill it was fit to pick; they were on no account whatever to return

without it. On its arrival all is ready for the second day's performance, which proceeds as follows: The king and party rise very early and enter the great cattle kraal. Here the marrow is presented to the king, who receives and inspects it very carefully, and says a few words in a low voice over it, all the chief men standing round abont him expectantly. Then the ceremony of tossing the marrow commences. The king throws it up in the air five or six times, catching it again like a ball, after that he throws it to the men, when it breaks perhaps into two or three pieces, and these again he throws to the men, and they by turns go through the same performance. Then they throw the broken pieces over the kraal to all the different regiments drawn up round it awaiting their turn at the tossing. This goes on untill all have touched the marrow and broken it into small pieces. Then the king picks out of his herd another black bull, fiercer than the one of the day before, to be treated in the same way. It is said that it gives the warriors bravery and cruelty. At noon, when all the ceremonies are over, the king declares the "Feast of first fruits" at an end. He allows reed instruments (umtshingo and ivenge) to be played all through the country, so that all people may know they may now begin to eat green mealies, vegetable marrows, and pumpkins. Before the umtshingo and ivenge are heard no one may touch anything fresh out of the gardens, no matter how long the fruit or vegetables have been ripe (even if the people are

starving), on penalty of death, or, later on, a heavy fine. It was against the laws of the country, too, to play the reed instruments before the king gave the order, being considered a greater offence even than eating green mealies before "Ukunyatela" (to tread) had taken place, for it was misleading the people; therefore the punishment for this offence was certain death. Umtshingo is the long hollow reed the natives play tunes on. It is a kind of flute; there is no string to it. The ivenge is a short one with only two notes. Two of these instruments have to be played together to make a tune at all. The favourite air played on them is, "Ucakide ka bon' indod' isegunjini" (the weasel doesn't see the man who is in the corner). Some natives can play several nice tunes on the long reed.

The great dance commences about 3 p.m. All have to "vunula" first (put on their ornaments). They, of course, grease themselves well to make their dark bodies sleek and supple. All chiefs have black feathers of the indwa bird stuck in the centre of their head ring, just above the forehead. The younger chiefs wear black ostrich feathers in the same way. The grand old Mbonambi regiment carried plumes of black ostrich feathers. A shape of straw was first made (like the crown of a hat) and the feathers were neatly stitched on to cover it all. These plumes looked very graceful as the men came dancing and bowing before the king. All the regiments would simultaneously beat their shields with knob-

kerries, and the noise would re-echo over the mountains like a fearful peal of thunder. The regimental ornaments varied a great deal, as they were chosen to mark the different corps. The rest of the afternoon, until dark, was spent in dancing and singing "Ingoma ye nkosi" (National Anthem). The words were as follows:—

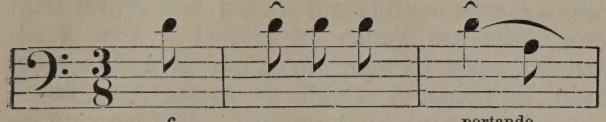
"Abafo besab' inkosi (Strangers fear the king),
Konj' uyaliwa (By the by you are rejected),
Bamzonda bamyolisa (They hate him, they praise him);
Konj' uyaliwa" (By the by you are rejected).

It sounded really grand to hear thousands of men singing it, dancing, and keeping time with their feet, the words giving somewhat the effect of a "round," and the trampling of feet resembling distant thunder. The next morning, on looking round at the fields where the dance had taken place, one would find the grass beaten into the ground.

The third day is usually spent in feasting and drinking beer. The king orders his chiefs to deal out a certain number of cattle to each regiment for slaughter early in the morning, so as to give them plenty of time to prepare the meat, and to have it cooked by noon, when the feast commences. After all the meat has been devoured beer is brought round, and those who serve it out have to taste it first in front of everybody to show that it has not been poisoned. This is a standing rule at all beer drinks. No one will drink the beer before

Ingoma ye 'nkosi.

Maestoso.



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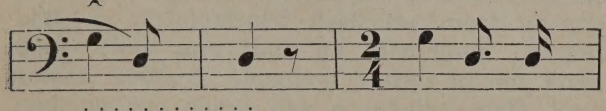

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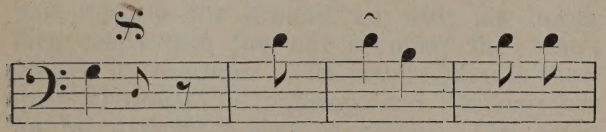

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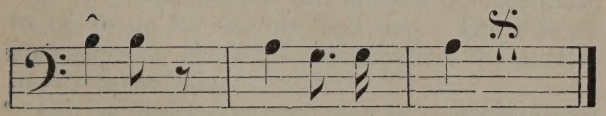
li - wa. Bam - zon - da, Bam - yo -



ppp

li - sa, Konj' u - ya - li - wa.

The final syllable 'wa' is not song, the voice dropping to a mere whisper. The word might be more correctly written uyaliw'.

Note. As the intervals of the scale used by the Zulu in singing do not correspond exactly with those of European music, any transcription of their melodies into our notation can only be approximate. The fourths may be accepted as true fourths, but the lesser intervals, which go to make up the fourths, differ from our subdivision of the tetrachord. The time signatures must also be regarded as approximate.

it has been tasted. The men sit down in circles, and the one who heads the circle has the first drink, and passes the earthen vessel to the next, and it travels all round the circle and comes back to him again, then he takes another drink and passes it; this is repeated till there is no beer left. Talking goes on all the time — relating anecdotes, questioning and arguing as to which regiment danced the best, looked the best, or distinguished itself the most in any way. Now and then an "Imbhongi" (jester) comes forward, shouting praises to the king, and jumping about like a maniac, with long horns fixed on his forehead. He acts the wild bull, tearing the ground up with his horns, then leaps into the air, shouting the king's praises all the time. The people have to show their approval by praising and thanking him for his wonderful feats of agility. This afternoon the doctors are uncommonly busy preparing "Imshikaqo yemiti" (the mixture of medicines), to be ready for use the next day. The officers also are busy choosing places where the doctoring is to be done.

On the fourth day each man in every regiment has to take the mixture of medicines, which acts as an emetic. In order to be fully prepared for the effects of the medicine, each regiment, in its allotted place, digs a deep trench. This is done very early in the morning. It is said by many who took this mixture that it made their hearts feel very bad indeed, full of cruelty and daring. This is the day, too, when the men felt most inclined to fight in order to try

their strength. They would break out quite unexpectedly, without waiting orders from their king. At the last feast given before the Zulu war the ground was actually strewn with the dying and the dead. The blood of the favourite Ingobamakosi regiment being heated and poisoned by the "Imshikaqo," they dashed forward to try their strength against another noted regiment, which, jealous of them, had been constantly provoking them to fight.

Late in the afternoon of this great doctoring day the chiefs had to call up their men to stand before the king and hear the new laws given out. Soon after this, "ukubuta" (collecting) takes place. The boys who have come to "Kreza" (milk into their mouths), come forward to be "Butwa" (made into a regiment). The name is chosen and given out. So the lads go home holding their heads up high with pride, shouting as they go along, "We are soldiers of the king." After this has been done the king addresses the people, and fines those heavily who have been fighting and shedding blood. Then he praises those who have behaved best, and finally bids them all go home in peace. A good many men generally volunteered to stay on and "konza" (serve the king). There was always plenty of work for them to do in the fields, weeding mealies and minding amabele (Kafir corn) gardens — keeping the destructive little birds away from eating them. There was also a good deal of fencing to be done, for the king's kraal was an uncommonly large one, and had always to be kept neat and

tidy. The men who volunteered to stay and work had to keep themselves in food. Very often they would run short and live only on water for days. Their people had to come long distances with it, carrying it on their heads, and sometimes they could ill be spared from home. They got no pay for their work, but a beast was given them occasionally for slaughter when all the work was finished. By the time they had to leave, a good many of them were reduced to mere skeletons, and could barely manage to drag themselves home.

The annual feast is now a thing of the past, as there is no king, so is also the "Feast of the first fruits." The only part of it they keep up is taking a dose of the mixture each year before eating green mealies or vegetables. This they regard as a help towards making the green food agree with them, and that is all.

Ukuqwanjiswa Kwempi

(The Doctoring of an Army)

This was a most important ceremony among the Zulus while they were still under their own rulers. The natives of Zululand, as all who know anything of their history will admit, were the bravest and most warlike of the coloured races, and were always ready to fight for their king and country. They never shirked their duty as soldiers, they were all trained to arms from boyhood, and felt it a disgrace not to go out against the foe whenever called upon to do so.

The ceremony of Ukuqwamba was invariably performed when there was to be war, and was supposed to make the men both brave and invulnerable.

A proclamation went forth to all the men, in the word "Maihlome" (Let them arm), and in a very short time the whole manhood of the nation mobilized and proceeded, fully equipped for war, to the chief kraal of the sovereign, encamping within a short distance. No women were permitted to come near, all supplies of food or other necessaries being brought by men or boys specially deputed for this service. The army, having assembled at its rendezvous, was then formed into a crescent, and the national war-doctor marched up in all his war-paint, when a very wild black bull was brought

in, seized by some warriors selected for the occasion, and held down by them, while the doctor killed it by a blow with his axe on the nape of the neck. Meanwhile a large fire was lighted, and kept up while the beast was being flayed. Then its flesh was cut into long narrow strips, which were roughly roasted in the fire under the superintendence of the doctor, rubbed with a powder made of various roots and herbs and portions of the skins of lions and other fierce animals, and tossed up into the air among the soldiers, who had to catch them in their mouths, bite off a piece, and pass the rest on, till everyone had had a mouthful. Any piece which might chance to fall on the ground was left there.

The doctor's attendants now brought him vessels full of a liquid composed of various medicines pounded and mixed with water, and the doctor sprinkled the warriors with it, shouting the while, "Umabope kabope, Umabope kabope" (let the Mabope tie up, that is, concentrate the strength of the army).[1] All were now ready, and without further delay set out to fight. The "chela" (tela) or sprinkling was repeated in case of a reverse, but not the killing of a bull.[2]

The whole body was now drawn up in a crescent, representing the two horns of a bull about to thrust at the enemy, while the central part represented the face of the bull, which would drive them away.

The war-doctor brings with him all the things required for carrying out the rites I have described, namely, an axe with a sharp point, a knife, the different medicines, and the sprinkler. This should be made of the tail of the gnu, or if this cannot be obtained, the tail of a black bull is used. All these things the doctor keeps in his own possession, carefully wrapped up in a mat.

The whole of these ceremonies were gone through just before the Zulu war of 1879, and in addition to this the fighting men partook of a medicinal charm which was to repel the enemy (Intelezi yempi).

We must not forget the women-folk who were left behind. Married women always wear a skirt made of ox-hide, the hair having been scraped off. In ordinary life the upper edge of this is rolled outward, round the hips, but during war they turn the roll inside. The young girls throw ashes over their bodies, a sign of morning, as wearing sackcloth and ashes was among the Hebrews. The old women take their brooms and run along the roads sweeping with them, thus indicating that they would make a clean sweep of their enemies in all directions. This they call Ukutshaluza.

Women also drink similar medicines to those taken by the men, but the preparation of them is somewhat different. A big fire is lighted

outside the kraal, and a pot containing a number of roots possessing magical properties is put on, and left to simmer slowly till next morning, when the fresh milk of a cow is added, to whiten it. This is supposed to bring good luck. When it is ready, all the women and children sit round the pot, dip their fingers in it, and lick off the mixture. This is the Ukuncinda, or ceremony of sucking. After this, a cow is slaughtered for them to eat. Then they begin to sweep, smear the floors of their huts with cow-dung, and make all tidy. This is evidently to prepare for the return of the soldiers. Beer is made, and snuff ground, and all the snuff-boxes filled up, so that nothing shall be wanting.

The Zulus "fight and die"; there is no turning back, no retreating—for that only means death in the end, an inglorious death instead of a glorious one. Any who turned back would be killed by order of the king or chief. This was the law of the country in war-time.

When attacking, the whole body of men made one big rush forward, shouting their clan name or war-cry, "Usutu!" or "Mandhlakazi"[3] &c., as the case might be.

On camping out for the night a watchword was always agreed upon, unknown, of course, to the enemy, and to every passer-by they cried, "Who goes there?" their own people, on

giving the word, being allowed to go safely on their way. This, of course, is the same procedure as would be followed among other nationalities.

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[1] Umabope is explained in Colenso's *Dictionary* (p. 333) as "a climbing plant with red roots, bits of which are much worn about the neck." A note adds: "The root is chewed by Zulus when going to battle, the induna giving the word 'Lumani (bite) umabope!' which they do for a few minutes and then spit it out again, saying 'Nang'umabope!' (here is the umabope). The notion is that the foe will be bound in consequence to commit some foolish act." (The verb bopa means "tie")

[2] The nearest translation that can be given in English of the word Ukuqwamba would be "Talisman," and "Ukuqwanjiswa kwempi" may be rendered "The consecration of an army."

[3] Usutu is the name of the royal clan to which Cetshwayo belonged—Mandhlakazi being the house of Zibebu.—Ed.

Tshaka's Pool

Ingoboco

Finding out Wizards

The office of Detector of Wizards was held by the Chief of Izanusi. He was the one chosen by the king to decide abatakati (wizard) cases. A big Umkamba tree, standing with its wide outstretched branches between Mahlabatini and Ulundi Military Kraals, was the place where he took the appeal cases. (The former was Mpande's headquarters and the latter Cetshwayo's.) He heard only the most complicated cases in which the majority of people were dissatisfied with the inferior Zanusi's (detector of wizards) decision. I happened to be paying a short visit to these kraals during Cetshwayo's reign, when one morning early I saw a great number of people collected under the Umkamba tree, and on asking a native standing by what these men were assembled for was told that the king's chief, Sangoma, was about to "Bul'ingoboco" (inquire into the wizard's case whether the right judgment had been given). Then my friend and I went near the place to observe the proceedings. We saw the demoniacal Umgoma standing with his dreaded magic wand in his right hand, a black tail of "Inkonkoni" (gnu), and making fearful deep noises in his throat (bodhla), calling the spirits to help him to touch the right man with his wand. While doing this he would

be walking round and round the people, now and then making sudden leaps into the air like a maniac, flourishing his dreaded wand, and all the accused would be awaiting the final touch with fear and trembling. The Imingoma (doctors) who had partly heard the cases would also be present, as well as relations of the accused, but none of them were supposed to say anything to the Ingoboco man: the amadhlozi (spirits) were to instruct him in everything. After having gone on till thoroughly exhausted with the antics described, he suddenly stops near his victim, whom he touches on the head with the Inkonkoni tail. The poor man has then to be taken off at once without even a word of remonstrance or a last farewell from his relations. He is driven off to Kwankata, a precipice over a deep pond in the Mfolozi River, which is full of crocodiles. This place is at no great distance from Ulundi. Having reached it the poor victim would be first stoned, then thrown down the precipice into the pond, where the crocodiles were always in readiness to receive him. They really lived on human beings.

Happily the morning we were watching Ingoboco the victim escaped most marvellously by running off at once to the king, who was standing in the cattle kraal, and throwing himself down at his feet, pleading for mercy, which was granted at once as a reward for his pluck and running powers. I am told that several others managed to save themselves in the same way, for it was quite an

understood thing that if a man reached the king, outstripping all his pursuers, he would be saved. This also held good if a man reached King Mpande's grave in safety. No one would dare to touch him there.

ICIMAMLILO

(FIRE EXTINGUISHER)

Icimamlilo is the name of a compound which is in use among the heathen Zulus in cases of murder or homicide, and so well is this known that if any person were found using it after a murder had been committed, that person would be strongly suspected of the crime. It consists of four or five kinds of very bitter roots, with pieces of the flesh of the following animals: a lion, a baboon, a jackal, a hyena, and an elephant, also a kind of hawk. All of these ingredients are essential, there are others which may be added, but which are not absolutely necessary. After all these things have been burnt to ashes and thoroughly mixed, the murderer or homicide swallows some of the powder, and mixing the rest with water sprinkles himself and goes off for a bathe; then the purification is complete, and any evil effects upon the system which, according to native superstition may follow the killing of a human being, are counteracted. This custom of purification is still strictly kept up by the heathen natives, as a preventive against their own death, which they believe might otherwise naturally take place as a consequence of having killed another.

Rain Doctors

In common with other backward races the Zulus have faith in the power of the rain doctors to make, or to draw, rain, and also to prevent it from falling. The Zulu kings generally kept rain doctors; but as these men, when they did not make enough rain to please their royal masters, were in danger of being fined or even put to death, they were obliged to invent a good many excuses for their failures. The most common was that they felt sure somebody was practising witchcraft, that is to say, putting pegs dipped in medicine into the ground, or tying knots in the grass on the mountain-tops and sprinkling them with medicines, either of which proceedings would stop the rain. Then the king would send messengers round the country commanding his subjects to find out where pegs had been driven in, or knots tied in the grass, and the owner of the kraal in whose neighbourhood this was found to have been done was liable to be killed or fined, at the king's discretion. In a dry season people were constantly in fear of this happening, for they knew that any who wished to injure them would drive in pegs near their kraals and then report them to the king for having done it.

Cetshwayo once had a rain doctor of whom he thought a great deal; but one year when

there was a terrible drought he lost faith in him, and then someone accused him to the king of having wilfully prevented the rain from falling. Of course this made his majesty furiously angry, and he ordered the unfortunate man to be killed and thrown into the river, together with his hut and everything he possessed. No sooner was this order carried out than the rain fell in torrents. Such is the story told by the natives, but I cannot vouch for the truth of it.[1]

The Zulus used to consider the Basuto rain doctors the best of any, and the king sometimes engaged some of them to come to Zululand when rain was wanted. One year a large number of them arrived, laden with roots and other medicines, from Basutoland. Some carried calabashes filled with liquids, which were rolled about on the ground at the cattle-kraal to bring thunder, and bundles containing charms to bring lightning and rain were stuck upright in the ground. These performances went on for some weeks, until at last the rain came, and the Zulus were satisfied that it was caused by the hard work of the Basuto doctors. These men were kept well supplied with beef and beer all the time they were in the country, and handsome presents were given them when they left it to return to their own land.

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[1] This story scarcely seems to be consistent with Cetshwayo's character. He was certainly a sceptic as regards witchcraft.—Ed.

The Rainbow, Lightning, and Eclipses

The Zulus believe in a glorious being whom they call the Queen of Heaven, of great and wondrous beauty, and the rainbow is supposed to be an emanation of her glory. This "Queen of Heaven" (Inkosikazi) is a different person from the Heavenly Princess, to whom the young girls pray regularly once a year, as described on another page.[1]

Some believe that there is a gorgeously coloured animal at the point where the rainbow appears to come in contact with the earth, and that it would cause the death of any who caught sight of it.[2]

The natives as a rule are very superstitious about the lightning; if it has struck anything they say "the heavens did it," they dare not speak of it by name. A person killed by lightning is buried without ceremony, and there is no mourning for him; a tree which has been struck may not be used for fuel; the flesh of any animal so killed is not to be eaten; huts which have been injured by lightning are abandoned, and very often the whole kraal is removed. Persons living in such a kraal may not visit their friends, nor may their friends visit them, until they have been purified and pronounced clean by the doctor. They are not

allowed to dispose of their cattle until they also have been attended to by the doctor: even the milk is considered unclean, and people abstain from drinking it.

An eclipse or an earthquake foretells a great calamity, and the natives are terrified whenever an eclipse takes place. The defeat of Cetshwayo by Uzibebu a few hours after an earthquake, which was felt all through Zululand in 1883, naturally confirmed them in the belief that it is an evil omen.[3]

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[1] The rainbow is called utingo lwenkosikazi, "The Queen's Bow." See Callaway, *Nursery Tales and Traditions of the Zulus,* p. 193. Utingo, however, is not "a bow" in our sense (at any rate not in current Zulu speach), but a bent stick or wattle, such as is used in making the framework of a hut. It is difficult to ascertain anything about this inkosikazi; but the Zulu women hold dances on the hills in honour of some Inkosazana—an echo, it may be, of the story of Jephtha's daughter.

Mr. Dudley Kidd *(The Essential Kafir,* p. 112) seems to have confused her with Nomkubulwana, who, as Miss Samuelson expressly tells us, is not the same person. It is not clear whether she is identical with the mysterious being called "Inkosazana," of whom the late Bishop Callaway says: "The following superstition....appears to be the relic of some very old worship" *(Religious System of the Amazulu,* p. 253).

She was supposed to appear, or rather to be heard speaking (for she was never seen), in lonely places, and predicted the future, or gave directions which had to be obeyed by the people. "It is she who introduces many fashions among black men. She orders the children to be weaned earlier than

usual....Sometimes she orders much beer to be made and poured out on the mountain. And all the tribes make beer, each chief and his tribe; the beer is poured on the mountain; and they thus free themselves from blame....I never heard that they pray to her for anything, for she does not dwell with men, but in the forest, and is unexpectedly met with by a man who has gone out about his own affairs, and he brings back her message."—ED.

[2] The Congo people believe the rainbow to be a snake (chama) as do the Yorubas (Oshumare). (See Mr. Dennett's *At the Back of the Black Man's Mind* (p. 142) and *Nigerian Studies* (p. 217).—ED.

[3] The earthquake referred to took place in 1883, during the night which preceded Cetshwayo's defeat by Usibebu at Ulundi. My sister (Mrs. Faye) and I were camped out some ten miles from Melmoth, when, about midnight, the wagonette in which we were sleeping was shaken and began to move down hill, but was fortunately stopped after a few yards by a block of wood lying in the grass. The natives who were near us exclaimed that it meant a calamity to the Zulu nation. And in the morning, when we got down from the wagonette, we found a great number of men sitting about looking sad, with their arms over their shoulders (meaning "we are lost"). They told us that Cetshwayo had been killed by Usibebu; in fact, the latter had made a clean sweep of the royal kraal and all the king's men. In less than an hour later we saw numbers of people, some running, some limping, some crawling past us, who had just managed to escape with their lives.

Cetshwayo, wounded badly in the leg, was saved, and taken for protection to Eshowe, where he died early in the following year. (See Mr. Gibson's *The Story of the Zulus*, p. 256, new edition.)

Ukukalel' Amabele

(Praying for the Corn)

A description of an old Zulu custom which is now slowly dying out may be found interesting. It is generally observed at the season when the mealies and mabele (Kafir corn) are coming into flower.

The Zulus believe that there is a certain Princess in Heaven, who bears the name of Nomkubulwana (Heavenly Princess), and who occasionally visits their cornfields and causes them to bear abundantly. For this princess they very often set apart a small piece of cultivated land as a present, putting little pots of beer in it for her to drink when she goes on her rounds. They often sprinkle the mealies and mabele with some of the beer, for luck to the harvest.

There is one day appointed specially for girls, when they go out fasting on to the hills, and spend the whole day weeping, fasting, and praying, as they think that the more they fast and weep the more likely they are to be pitied by the princess. On that day they have to wear men's clothing (umutsha) made of skins, and all men and boys are to keep out of their way, neither speaking to them nor looking at them.

They start very early, as by sunrise they must be by the riverside, ready to begin praying and weeping.[1]

Digging deep holes in the sand, they make two or three little girls sit in them, and fill them in again, till nothing but their heads are left showing above ground. There they must remain, weeping and praying for some time. Girls about six years old are generally chosen for this purpose, as they cry the most (rather from fright than anything else), and so are most likely to catch the ear of the heavenly princess.

When the older girls think the poor little things have done their fair share, they help them out and let them run home.

The big girls then go to the mountains and weep; after that to their gardens, round which they walk, screaming to the heavenly princess to have pity on them and give them a good harvest.

After this they sprinkle the gardens with beer, and set little pots of it here and there for the princess.

About sunset the ceremonies are over, and they all go back to the river to bathe, after which they return to their homes and break their fast. Any girls refusing to join with the others on Nomkubulwana's day would

lose caste, unless prevented by illness. Of course Christian girls are not expected to join, this being an entirely heathen rite.

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[1] *Cf.* an account of this custom (umtshopi) in Colenso's *Zulu Dictionary*, p. 614. A similar observance, intended to avert disease, is described by Mrs. Hugh Lancaster Carbutt in the (South African *Fork-Lore Journal* for January, 1880 (Vol. II., p. 12), as follows: "Among the charms to prevent sickness from visiting a kraal is the umkuba, or custom of the girls herding the cattle for a day. [Umkuba means "custom," it is not the name of this particular rite.] No special season of the year is set apart for this custom. It is merely enacted when diseases are known to be prevalent. On such an occasion all the girls and unmarried women of a kraal rise early in the morning, dress themselves entirely in their brothers' skins [*i.e.*, skin kilts (umutsha)], and, taking their knobkerries and sticks, open the cattle-pen or kraal, and drive the cattle away from the vicinity of the homestead, none of these soi-disant herds returning home, or going near a kraal, until sunset, when they bring the cattle back. No one of the opposite sex dare go near the girls on this day, or speak to them."—We have reproduced the passage in full, as the periodical which contains it is now very scarce. It should be noted that at ordinary times it would be contrary to custom—indeed, highly improper, if not sacrilegious—for any woman or girl to approach the cattle-kraal, to say nothing of herding the cattle. The idea is, no doubt, to compel the assistance of the Unseen by some flagrant outrage on decency, actual or threatened.—Ed.

Old Wives' Tales

In addition to the many beliefs amongst the Zulus, of which I have given some examples, which may be properly called superstitious, there are a large number of curious half-beliefs and traditions, something of the nature of "Old Wives' Tales," to which allusion is made more or less seriously in the ordinary course of Zulu conversation, and which often come as a surprise to the uninitiated European. I remember being much struck with some of these many years ago (as far back as in 1872), when my father took me as a child for a journey through Zululand on a visit to the great kraal of the celebrated King Mpande. On the way, as I was getting somewhat tired, a friendly Zulu told me to press my foot on an aloe (icena), and I should not be tired any longer. I saw no particular harm in obeying the injunction, and whether it was from the effect of the "icena," or a thought cure wrought by the friendly Zulu, I certainly managed to get on.

On the same journey I was struck by a curious idea the Zulus have (somewhat akin to our "watched pot never boils") as to disturbing the ordinary process of the vegetable kingdom. I noticed some fine varieties of pumpkins, melons, and marrows, and, being

curious to know their names, I pointed my finger at them. "Musa, musa" (don't, don't), shouted my native conductor, "they will never ripen if you point at them. You ought always to bend your fingers and point with your knuckles towards vegetables." "Oh," said I, "you might perhaps pick me that pumpkin (indicating one of the best), as it is the only one I pointed at, and it will prevent its rotting," and he at once fell in with my suggestion, adding a few marrows growing near the pumpkin, which had also been in peril. Some of our mistakes in dealing with the Zulus might at times lead to serious consequences; but fortunately, as a rule they take them good naturedly, and attribute them to our ignorance.

It is rather curious, and perhaps a little humiliating, to civilized and superior people, to find one of their favourite nursery tactics —the threat of the black man coming down the chimney—in vogue (mutatis mutandis) among the Zulus. Fond Zulu mothers used to reduce their refractory offspring to order by the threat, "I'll take you away to be eaten up by the white men," and in the old times of which I am now speaking the threat always had the desired effect, though, let us hope in the present day, the notion of our being cannibals, if not bogies, no longer exists, even among the Zulus.

I well remember the day when we were graciously admitted to an audience with King Mpande, and the curious kind of awe with

which the monarch and his attendants regarded us. The King spoke to us through his chief official, and courteously welcomed us to his place, hoping we had not been disturbed by a big fight which had taken place in connection with some festivities among the Zulus near to us. It was a way his subjects had when their blood was heated, and he had done his best to stop it. He then noticed my long brown hair, which hung down to my waist, and observed, "What nice tails you have adorned yourself with! where did you get them? I should like some like that." I said I had a private store from which I got them, and should not like anyone else to know. King Mpande smiled, and took it all in good part. I was the first white girl he had seen, and he looked therefore upon me as a curiosity

"Come nearer," he said, "and take off your hat, so that I can have a good look at you. How do you manage to tie the tails so neatly that no strings are seen?" He pulled and tugged at my hair, to see whether it would come off.

"Why, this is wonderful!" said he. "These are the tails they make under the sea. There's nothing on land equal to this."

"I glue them on," said I.

"Wow! It is well done! Do show us how you do it."

It was beyond human nature to keep a serious face after that. We all burst out

laughing together. Then I told him that it was only my hair.

"Ngimdala!" (I am old) said the king (meaning in wisdom); and I was asked to go round for fuller inspection. The king noticed my hands. He said: "Her hands have a different colour to her face! Come nearer again, let me have a look at your hands." I obeyed. He took my hand and felt it all over. "Mamo!" (oh! mother) "the skin moves. It is quite loose, and look how red it is." I had a pair of scarlet silk gloves on. I pulled one off, an incident which caused prodigious sensation in the royal hut. Exclamations of surprise were heard all round. "White girls are double skinned," said one, "on their hands." "They have a white skin to suit their face, and this is covered by a loose, dark red skin," said the king. "Behold the artfulness of the white beings that come out of the sea." The glove was carefully examined, and one man, with fear and trembling, picked it up with the tips of his fingers, but speedily dropped it again in horror and dismay. My father then explained to them as best he could that ladies wore gloves to protect their hands from getting sunburnt, and we took leave of the mighty king.

Outside the door we were met by a number of his royal daughters, all wanting to have a look at the girl from under the sea and her wonderful hair and hands. When they had satisfied their curiosity, they asked us to come and call on Giba, King Mpande's celebrated

snake charmer. He was sitting in his hut training his numerous snakes to go and come in to and out of their holes as he wanted them.

A great monster of a python was coiled round a stone in a corner, lazily watching his inferiors at their drill, and waiting his turn. "Ngqabitani" (the snake's name, which means "hop down"), called out Giba, and the monster made a move and came with a twist and a roll, and was rewarded by a fowl to eat. It was a horrible perfomance.

The tendency which the Zulu has, in common with all savage or half-civilized people, to ascribe anything unusual to magic, and to account for the unknown by fanciful analogy (the basis, indeed, of most of the vulgar superstitions), was curiously illustrated in this journey by a chief whom we met and to whom my father gave a small mirror. The Zulu looked into it, gave a start, and dropped it to the ground. "Why, it is myself; I know, for I have seen a reflection of myself in a clear pool. These people carry mysterious things with them." He picked it up gingerly, and handed it to his chief man, who, after examining it with the caution that a detective might display in opening a parcel supposed to contain dynamite, handed it round to the attendants, each of whom made a study of the "ego" and the "non ego" in the wonderful "charm," which they took to their home and sealed it up in an earthen pot.

Such are some of the curious ideas which were entertained by the Zulus as to the white man in the old days. Since that time increased intercourse with the white creatures from under the sea has dissipated some of their old delusions, but even to this day a large number of the natives look upon the white man as something weird, as a being who can do anything, and who has about him a touch of the mysterious, if not of the supernatural. Fortunately for us these ideas have never taken a very serious hold on the native mind. They look upon us as strange curiosities, but do not seriously associate our doings with the "black arts," ready as they are to attribute dealings with forbidden agencies to their own people. It would have gone hard with us in the early days if any influential chief had conceived the idea, so readily seized by the Chinese, of designating all Europeans "foreign devils"—"Takati" (wizards)—with unknown powers and malignant designs. Our just and large-minded treatment of them has prevented the spread of any such notions amongst them. Their mental attitude towards us at the present day is one of bewildered simplicity, not unmingled with respect, and, when their confidence is obtained, with something of the loyal affection they have long been accustomed to entertain towards their own chiefs and superiors.

King Mpande's Snake Charmer

During King Mpande's reign there lived in his chief kraal a most noted and wonderful snake-charmer, who was spoken of far and wide with great awe. He was looked upon as one who was in constant communication with the spirits, as all snakes obeyed him. He was tall and slim, withered right arm and a crooked forefinger. It was quite an easy task for him to catch snakes in bushes, and he could even draw them out of their holes with his crooked finger. He said he had certain kinds of medicines which he always took, and also injected into his right arm and finger before setting out snake-catching in the mornings, and these prevented snake bites having any effect on him—in fact, he felt quite safe anywhere. He would sometimes take long journeys in search of various kinds of snakes, and on his return would call on people living near the roadside that he might exhibit them. He generally took two or three boys with him to carry them, and they had special bags made for them of water-broom rushes. I shall never forget the day when the snake-charmer called at our house and asked whether we should like to see two big snakes he had caught that day. At first we felt rather scared,

although, at the same time, we were curious to see them, for we had heard a great deal about this snake-charmer. So we allowed him to get them out and show us what he could do with them. He ordered the boys to open the bags, then gave two or three whistles, and the snakes came crawling out very slowly and carefully. He then drew a winding mark on the ground with his rod, which they most obediently followed, hissing and sticking out their tongues now and then, and looking about to see which way they were to go next, and he said that this was all he had been able to teach them that morning. He put down his rod a moment, then one of the snakes made for the kitchen door, where three native girls were standing, and it went part of the way in before he could stop it. The girls were half mad with fright; one climbed on the table, another on the shelf, and the third went up the chimney: there was a terrible scrimmage. But the man soon made the snake go into the bag again. I then thought I would have some fun, so I went into my room to fetch a big toy snake which I kept in the window to prevent the natives from standing about there and using it as a mirror. When I brought it out, moving and wriggling about in my hand, the charmer took to flight. It was an ugly green and yellow thing, with open red mouth. The man said his medicines would be no preventive against a bite from this strange kind of snake, of which he knew nothing. But when I told

him it was only a toy, he had a good laugh over his fright. Soon after his return to his hut at the king's kraal we heard that some gentlemen had gone up to pay him a visit and to ask him to let them see his snakes. When he went away his hut would be quite safe, for the snakes were always on the look out for strangers. The gentlemen thought it prudent to keep at a good distance until the owner of the hut and snakes appeared. After the usual greatings and introductions had been gone through, the man said, "I hear you would like to see my pets; how much will you pay me for it?" They answered that they were travellers, and had not much with them, but that they would give him a blanket each. So he made them go into a corner of his hut and sit down on a mat. Presently he called out "Ngqabitani"! (his chief snake), and it came out with a majestic twist of satisfaction. Then he whistled for another, grunted for another, groaned for a third, hissed for a fourth, and then rattled for the whole lot. They came out by the dozen; the visitors found themselves surrounded by snakes of all sorts and sizes, the great python wriggling and twisting impatiently, with a look as much as to say, "I could swallow the whole of you if only my master would allow me." The man sat coolly at the door of his hut enjoying the fun. The gentlemen called out, "Enough! enough! we have seen your pets; do for pity's sake call them back!" The man said, "How much will you give me?" The

answer was, "Ten blankets each—anything you like—all we possess; only clear off your pets and let us out of this trap." He answererd, "You shall have your wish my good friends," and then made the usual noises, when they all promptly returned to their holes. The Gentlemen heaved a sigh of relief, paid the man, but never will they ask to see his pets again. They were quite satisfied.

How Death
came into the World

The Zulu people believe that our first parents came out of a reed. The Great-great-one made the reed to open, and forth came a man and a woman. Some years after, He sent a messenger to inform the people that they were to live for ever. This messenger, being a chameleon, was very slow in fulfilling its errand. On the way it espied some nice berries, of which it is very fond, and it spent quite an age in climbing up the shrub to pick and eat the sweet little fruit. It thought that it was unnecessary to hurry with the message—the people could wait: so it was at no pains to perform His mission. Meanwhile the Great-great-one sent a second messenger to tell the people that they were to die. This messenger (being a kind of lizard, or salamander) was much quicker in its movements, and so, arriving in the world long before the chameleon even thought it had had enough berries to eat, it proclaimed to men: "The Great-great-one says you must all die." When at length the first-sent messenger came, it was too late, for people were already dying and the fate of the rest could not be changed. And they said: "Why did you delay when sent by the Great-great-one? You detestable

little, slow, crawling creature! You shall be hated for ever and ever." The natives still abhor this creature in connection with the legend. They always ill-treat it, delighting to fill its mouth with snuff, which turns it black.

The Zulu's choicest Bit of Meat

It a native sends a present of meat to his chief or anyone he respects as far above him, he will generally send the Insonyama, that is, the part of the flesh of a slaughtered bullock or cow which covers the ribs and is separated from them by a moist substance which makes it very easy of removal. This is, in native estimation, the choicest meat, and is always eaten by the head of a family. This is a useful piece of knowlegde for those who have to do with native cases which concern disputed inheritance. If an ox is slaughtered which belongs to any other house of the same family, the insonyama is always taken to be eaten in the superior's hut. If the insonyama is taken as a present to a superior friend, it is always considered a great compliment to cook it beforehand and roll it up nicely in a clean mat (isitebe) ready to be eaten.

A FRIENDLY WAY OF OBTAINING FOOD

The Zulus are a very kind and hospitable race, always willing to share their food with others in need. In times of famine they have a way of asking help from each other without any intention of returning the same; this they call Ukutekela. Sometimes on meeting one another by the way, after the usual greetings, one says to the other, "I am coming to beg (tekela) mealies (or potatoes) of you tomorrow"; the answer will be "All right," with a laugh, "you may come."

Tekela really means begging or obtaining food, corn or potatoes, from another, sometimes getting it as a reward for assisting to reap or weed, or as a gift. It is one of the oldest customs which the natives have.

For instance, a woman may go on a visit to relations or friends, and remain with them for a short time, and while staying there assist in whatever work is going on at the time of her visit. Then when she leaves to return home she may be given grain of some kind to take with her, if there is a fair supply at the kraal. A visitor hardly ever returns home empty handed. Only in times of famine would it be possible.

Help given one to another in reaping cornfields is very commonly acknowledged in the same fashion.

When the gardens need weeding a day is arranged on which to invite friends to a beer-drink. The guests arrive about sunrise and weed till about three o'clock, when the beer is brought out; but no one except those who have assisted in the work will have a share in it, unless they happen to be travellers or too old to work.

Natives will do a great deal to obtain beer, which is the reason why the native fields are usually so free from weeds. But it is seldom used before the allotted work is done—a very necessary restriction!

Peacemaking over a Pinch of Snuff

Very few people, I believe, know this Zulu custom of making friends. After a severe quarrel natives will not condescend to take snuff together on any account, although they have been the best of friends for years. It is not till their quarrel has been settled and their tempers cooled down that they can begin to say, "Ngi ncwebise ugwai" (give me a pinch of snuff)—and even then the one asked may refuse and say "Tis too soon my friend, irritate me not, I pray." The following is an instance:—

Two handsome young men, who had been friends ever since they were quite little lads, and who had joined the same regiment, fell in love with a very beautiful girl, who was a chief's daughter. These young men were inseparable; wherever the one went the other was sure to go. Whether it was to a hunt, beer drink, wedding, or dance they always went together. There was a certain chief who took a liking to these two young men, for they were very cheerful and amusing, so he encouraged them to come to all his entertainments. One used to ornament himself with white beads and tigers' claws and white ostrich feathers, the other with red beads and

black and red feathers. They each carried a nice assagai and a couple of knobkerries and a courting shield. They always looked neat and nice, for they made a point of greasing themselves well before setting out anywhere.

This chief had a most beautiful daughter who was greatly beloved by old and young, for she was kind and pleasant to everybody. Her father always chose her to serve the beer round to the visitors, she did it so gracefully and willingly. These two young men were greatly struck with the girl, and both fell in love with her. The one in red decided at once to win her, but how to set about it was a puzzle, for he never before had gone anywhere without his friend, and he didn't know what excuses to make to go off alone. But the next day he got a very good opportunity, for his friend was taken ill and could not attend a dance he had promised to go to. The one in red had to go alone and make excuses for the other. Between the dances he got a chance to try his luck with the young lady, and was rejected at once for having the impudence to wear the Royal colours. (Those red beads were worn in those days only by royalty, also the red parrot feathers.) This maiden thought he could not be trusted: he would venture too much, and end by getting killed.

He went back disappointed and annoyed, but did not let his friend know anything about it, for he intended to try again. When his friend had recovered they went together to

call on the chief. His daughter brought in some beer. It was noticed that she paid most attention to the one in white, and of course that gave him hope at once. As soon as she left the hut the young man said: "Your daughter, chief of the great house, has won my heart. How much would you want for her? How many head of cattle?"

The chief answered, "You are a handsome, promising lad. Of another I should ask for her sixty, but I would let you off with thirty."

The young man was delighted with this answer. He took the very next opportunity to propose and was accepted.

His friend was furiously angry, and swore a solemn oath that now their friendship had come to an end, and they would be enmies for the rest of their lives, "For," said he, "I was first in the field."

They parted there and then. The lucky man sent the thirty head of cattle the very next day to make sure of his future bride, and the matter was properly settled. He was very happy, but still he missed his dear old friend who had left him in anger.

Whenever they met, he said to him, "dear friend of my youth and life, come and let us make it up. Here, take a pinch of snuff. It was no fault of mine you were rejected."

"No, 'tis too soon. After your wedding," said the other, "this may be done, but I do not wish to come to the wedding feast. May the spirits of my ancestors pity me and save

me from harming you or her. Depart in peace!"

Three months after the wedding the two friends met under a cabbage tree, took snuff together, and vowed to forget their grievance.

Rules of a Zulu Hunt

Hunts are conducted on a large scale, and there are certain rules which have to be kept. Generally the most important man in the neighbourhood proclaims it, and young boys are sent round a day or two in advance with a few branches of the wild cabbage tree (umsenge) in their hands to invite those who are chosen to take part in the sport. All who see these boys with umsenge branches ask from them where the hunt is to take place, and are told in answer. It is an easy way of inviting superiors to anything, for a Zulu youth may not address his senior without being first spoken to.

All the men invited have to meet the chief at the starting point, armed, and with their dogs. They dance round him and sing their hunting songs, then they follow him to the place chosen for the hunt. While at the hunt, if a buck is stabbed by more than one person before it falls, it belongs to the man who first drew blood, and the man who gave it the next stab, or whose dog caught it after it had received its first wound is entitled to a leg; the man who wounded it a third time, or whose dog pulled it down, takes a shoulder, if it is a large buck, but nothing if the animal is a small one.

If caught by dogs without being previously wounded, and if it is not known whose dog was the first to lay hold of it, the buck belongs to the master of the hunt or the man who called the hunt together. And it is the latter generally who settles a disputed question of ownership; but he cannot mend the broken heads which so often follow such a dispute. One seldom sees natives so excited as they are over a buck killed at a hunt, when there is any doubt as to the person to whom the buck belongs. Many cases of assault, and even murder, arise out of quarrels over a dead buck. It might therefore be very useful to know these rules.

Ubuqili buka Bongoza

Bongoza's Smartness

In the early days when the Boers invaded Zululand the Zulus twice set traps for them, which were very successful. They were completely caught in both.

Dingane, who was at that time King of the Zulus, prepared the first one himself. He gave a great beer drink in his cattle kraal, and invited all the Boers, with their leader (Piet Retief). These readily accepted the invitation, came, and were highly entertained in various ways. A good many Zulus were asked by Dingane to come and help to entertain by singing and dancing while the tshwala (Kafir beer) was being passed round. The Boers enjoyed the Kafir beer immensely, as well as the singing and dancing, little guessing what was in store for them that day.

When Dingane thought he had spent enough time with them, he gave a sign to his people, which had been agreed upon beforehand. He just passed the palm of his hand over his mouth, and that meant, "Sweep them all off the face of the earth." After having given this sign, he himself went out of the kraal unnoticed. Hundreds of Zulus who had been waiting outside the kraal ready armed set to at once, and those who had been singing and

dancing joined in as soon as the sign was given them. There was a confusion of beer pots and assagais. The assagais came like a hailstorm upon the unfortunate Boers. Their leader was the only one who escaped by leaping over the cattle kraal fence and disappearing in a most mysterious way.

A few years after he came forward again with another big commando, in hopes of settling old scores, when he was led into another trap beyond the White Umfolozi, at a place called Opate. He had been troubling the Zulus a great deal all round about Mahlabatini (where the Natal Police distinguished themselves in the recent Boer war). Dingane was quite at a loss what to do with them, for he wished to put an end to it all. Amongst his numerous chiefs he had one very smart general called Nobongoza, who thought of a plan to catch the Dutchmen. He had a private interview with the king, and made his plans known to him. They were thought to be very good indeed, for Dingane left the management of everything to him after that. Opate is a nice open plain, surrounded with bushes and hills. To get to it one had to go through a narrow pass. Nobongoza ordered a good number of his men to drive the king's cattle to this plain for safety; but he really had quite another object in view in doing this. All the natives were to go armed, in readiness to defend the cattle in case the Boers should find their hiding place and try to take them. A day after the cattle had been taken to Opate,

Nobongoza sent a big army to hide in the bush all round the place; then he turned traitor and went over to the Boers, saying he was tired of fighting against them, therefore he was now willing to lead them to a place where the king had hidden his cattle, and they could just help themselves and go away. Piet Retief believed what Nobongoza said, and was quite pleased. He allowed this chief to go as their leader, and even promised to pay him for his trouble. So he led them through this narrow pass, and when they had got through a fine sight came in view—a sight that would make any Dutchman's heart leap for joy—the plain was alive with fine cattle. They at once made a dash for them, when Nobongoza suddenly disappeared in the forest close by, where thousands of armed Zulus were waiting for their prey. They rushed out from the bush all round, closed in upon the Boers, and killed every one of them. The cattle were then driven back triumphantly to the King's kraal, and Nobongoza was looked upon as a hero ever after.

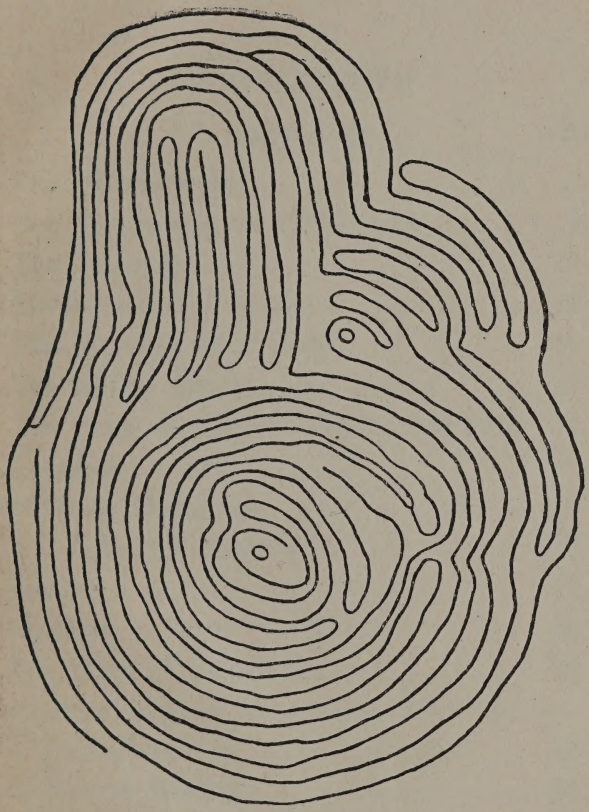
These historical tales are repeated to this day. Anyone visiting Zululand might ask a Zulu to relate to them "Ubuqili Buka Bongoza," and it would be told them with great glee. It is one of the most favourite stories amongst the men.

When visiting Zululand only a short time ago I heard this story from an old Zulu warrior who is now over a hundred years old. He seemed to have a very good memory still, and

enjoyed relating all his past victories. He said he was quite a little boy when Tshaka died, and he served as a soldier under Dingane.

Labyrinths and War Game

The Zulus are very fond of drawing mazes (usogexe) on the ground with the finger, or —after smoking hemp (insangu)—with saliva passed through a hollow stem of tambootie grass and so made to trace a labyrinth (tshuma sogexe) on a smooth floor. The one who draws generally asks some one else to find the way into the royal hut. And this he does with a pointer of tambootie, or failing to follow the right course and getting cornered, is greeted with a general shout of "Wapuka sogexe!" (you are done for in the labyrinth), and has to go back to the start and begin the quest again. This game is a great favourite, and is often played for hours at a time: the sons of Mpande were great adepts at it. They would vary it sometimes by dotting rows of warriors on the outside, and then success depended on the positions that the combatants were made to assume, the great triumph being to bring an army into the shape of a bull's head and horns, when he whose horn first touched the adversary's line was acclaimed as winner.



The above is a copy of a Labyrinth made by a Zulu, Ulushishi, for the well-known missionary, the Rev. R. Robertson, and first reproduced by Messrs. John Sanderson and Co., of Durban. It is noticeable for having two huts to be reached—that in the centre being the Royal one.

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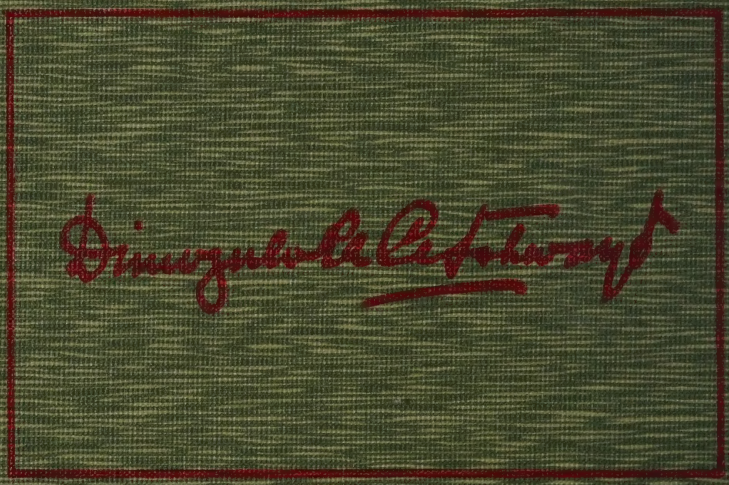

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